

ELEGANT EXTRACTS:

BEING A

COPIOUS SELECTION

OF

INSTRUCTIVE, MORAL, AND ENTERTAINING

PASSAGES,

FROM THE MOST EMINENT

BRITISH POETS.

VOLUME VI.

BOOK XI. XII.

CONSISTING OF LARGER POEMS.

LONDON:

**PRINTED FOR JOHN SHARPE, PICCADILLY, AND
HECTOR Mc'LEAN, 16, SALISBURY STREET,
STRAND.**

CONTENTS.

BOOK XI.

CONSISTING OF LARGER POEMS.

	Page
THE Rape of the Lock <i>Pope.</i>	1
Henry and Emma <i>Prior.</i>	25
The Spleen <i>Green.</i>	49
The Traveller; or, a Prospect of Society <i>Goldsmith.</i>	74
The Deserted Village <i>Goldsmith.</i>	88
The Hermit of Warkworth, a Northumber- land ballad <i>Percy.</i>	101
Cooper's Hill <i>Denham.</i>	134

CONTENTS.

BOOK XII.

CONSISTING OF LARGER POEMS.

	Page
THE Minstrel; or, the Progress of Genius	
	<i>Beattie.</i> 145
The Triumphs of Temper	<i>Hayley.</i> 187

ELEGANT EXTRACTS,

FROM THE

MOST EMINENT POETS.

BOOK XI.

CONSISTING OF LARGER POEMS.



THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—This verse to Caryl, Muse! is due:
This, ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, goddess! could compel
A well-bred lord t' assault a gentle belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?
In tasks so bold can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray
And op'd those eyes that must eclipse the day.

Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake :
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow press'd
Her guardian sylph prolong'd the balmy rest :
'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head :
A youth more glittering than a bright night beau
(That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say :
 ' Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air !
If e'er one vision touch'd thy infant thought,
Of all the nurse, and all the priest have taught ;
Of airy elves by moonlight shadow seen,
The silver token and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by angel pow'rs, [flow'rs ;
With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly
Hear and believe ! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some sacred truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To maids alone and children are reveal'd ;
What though no credit doubting wits may give,
The fair and innocent shall still believe.
Know then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower sky :
These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two pages and a chair,
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once enclos'd in woman's beauteous mould ;

Thence, by a soft transition, we repair,
From earthly vehicles, to those of air.
Think not when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead ;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And, though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of ombre, after death survive.
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire :
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,
In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air

‘ Know further yet ; whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embrac'd :
For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
What guards the purity of melting maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark ,
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires ’
’Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know,
Though honour is the word with men below

‘ Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their
For life destin'd to the gnomes' embrace [face,
These swell their prospects, and exalt thier pride,
When offers are disdain'd, and love denied :

Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping
train,

And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
And in soft sounds, 'your Grace' salutes their ear
'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.

'Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way;
Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.
What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from every part,
They shift the moving toy-shop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-
knots strive,

Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals levity may call;
Oh, blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.

'Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star,
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend,
But Heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn'd by thy sylph, O pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of man!

He said ; when Shock, who thought she slept too long,
Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue,
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux ;
Wounds, charms, and ardours, were no sooner read,
But all the vision vanish'd from thy head.

And now, unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears ;
Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear ;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.

Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms ;
The fear each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face ;
Sees by degrees, a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.

The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

CANTO II.

Not with more glories in the ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-dressed youths around her
But every eye was fix'd on her alone. [shone,
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those:
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends,
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprize the finny prey,

Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' adventurous baron the bright locks admir'd;
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd.
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
Propitious Heav'n, and every power ador'd,
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;
And all the trophies of his former loves;
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:
The powers gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
The rest the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die:
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smil'd, and 'all the world was gay.
All but the sylph—with careful thoughts oppress'd,
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
Soft o'er the shrouds ærial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in ounds of gold;

Transparent forms too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light,
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipp'd in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
While every beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whenc'er they wave their
Amid the circle, on the gilded mast, [wings
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd ;
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun :—

‘ Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear,
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and demons, hear !
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to the aërial kind
Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day :
Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky :
Some, less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain,
Others, on earth, o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide :
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.

‘ Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care ;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale ;

To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs ;
To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in show'rs,
A brighter wash ; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs ;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.

' This day black omens threat the brightest fair
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care ;
Some dire disaster, or by force or slight ; [night.
But what, or where, the fates have wrapp'd in
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail china-jar receive a flaw ;
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade ;
Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade ;
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball ; [fall.
Or whether Heaven has doom'd that Shock must
Haste then, ye spirits ! to your charge repair :
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care ;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign ;
And Momentilla, let the watch be thine ;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite Lock ;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

' To fifty chosen sylphs of special note,
We trust th' important charge, the petticoat :
Oft have we known that sevenfold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of
Form a strong line about the silver bound, [whale-
And guard the wide circumference around.

' Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins ;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye :

Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
 While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain ;
 Or alum styptics with contracting pow'r.
 Shrink his thin essence like a shrivell'd flow'r.
 Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
 The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
 In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
 And tremble at the sea that froths below !'

He spoke : the spirits from the sails descend ;
 Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend ;
 Some thread the mazy ringlets of her hair ;
 Some hang upon the pendants of her ear ;
 With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
 Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs
 Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,
 There stands a structure of majestic frame, [name.
 Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its
 Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
 Of foreign tyrants—and of nymphs at home ;
 Here thou, great Anna ! whom three realms obey,
 Does sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort
 To taste awhile the pleasures of a court ;
 In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
 Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last ;
 One speaks the glory of the British queen,
 And one describes a charming Indian screen ;
 A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes ;
 At every word a reputation dies

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that
 Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray ;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine ;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
At ombre singly to decide their doom,
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card :
First Ariel perch'd upon a matadore,
Then each, according to the rank they bore ;
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forked beard ;
And four fair queens, whose hands sustain a flow'r,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer power ;
Four knaves, in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads and halberts in their hand ;
And party-colour'd troops a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care :
‘ Let spades be trumps!’ she said ; and trumps they

Now move to war her sable matadores, [were.
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors :
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord !
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.

As many more manillio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him basto follow'd, but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump and one plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary majesty of spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,
The rest with many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of loo,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike amazon her host invades,
Th' imperial consort of the crown of spades.
The club's black tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unweildy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The baron now his diamonds pours apace;
Th' embroider'd king, who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent queen, with pow'rs combin'd,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green
Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nation's fly,
Of various habit and of various dye;

The pierc'd battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps ! one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance !) the queen of hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look ;
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and codille.
And now (as oft in some distemper'd state)
On one nice trick depends the general fate :
An ace of hearts steps forth : the king unseen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive queen :
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.
The nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the sky ,
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

Oh, thoughtless mortals ! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate ;
Sudden these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo ! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round ;
On shining altars of japan they raise
The silver lamp ; the fiery spirits blaze :
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide :
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band ;
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee, (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)

Set up in vapours to the baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth ! desist, ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate !
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair !

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill !
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case :
So ladies, in romance, assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends ?
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
And o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head
Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair ;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear ;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought [near '
The close recesses of the virgin's thought :
As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart :
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his power expir'd,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
T' inclose the lock ; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched sylph too fondly interpos'd ;
Fate urg'd the shears, and cut the sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again)

The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever !

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies,
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heav'n are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their
last ;

Or when rich China vessels, fall'n from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie !

' Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,'
The victor cried, ' the glorious prize is mine !
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze ;
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live !
What Time would spare, from steel receives its
And monuments, like men, submit to fate ! [date,
Steel could the labour of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial towers of Troy ;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground. [feel
What wonder then, fair nymph ! thy hair should
The conquering force of unresisted steel ?'

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,
And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,

Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her mantua's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad virgin ! for thy ravish'd hair.

For, that sad moment, when the sylphs with-
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew [drew,
Umbricl, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sullied the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd to search the gloomy cave of spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.
Two handmaids wait the throne ; alike in place,
But differing far in figure and in face.
Here stood ill-nature, like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd !
With store of prayers for mornings, nights, and
noons,

Her hand is fill'd ; her bosom with lampoons.
There affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Tajnts into airs, and languishes with pride ;
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness and for show.
The fair-ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks:
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie talks;
Men prove with child as powerful fancy works,
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe pass'd the gnome through this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand.
Then thus address'd the pow'r—'Hail, wayward
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen: [queen!
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give the hysteric or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is, that all your power disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron waters, matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds

Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude
Or discompos'd the head-dress of a prude,
Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease;
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin;—
That single act gives half the world the spleen.

The goddess, with a discontented air,
Seems to reject him, though she grants his pray'r.
A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs and passions, and the war of tongues,
A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spread his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound,
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the furies issued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
'O wretched maid'she spread her hands and cried,
(While Hampton'sechoes, 'wretchedmaid!' replied)
'Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound?
For this with torturing irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head?
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare!
Honour forbid! at whose unrivall'd shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resigu.

Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honour in a whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your hapless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Expos'd through crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner shall grass in Hyde Park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!

She said; then raging to sir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs:
Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
And thus broke out—'My lord, why what the
devil,
Z—ds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you must be
civil!

Plague on't; 'tis past a jest—nay, prithee, pox!
Give her the hair.'—He spoke, and rapp'd his box.

'It grieves me much,' replied the peer again,
'Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain:
But by this lock, this sacred lock I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours shall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.'

He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honours of her head.

But Umbriel, hateful gnome, forbears not so ;
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see ! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half drown'd in tears ;
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
Which with a sigh she rais'd, and thus she said :

‘ For ever curs’d be this detested day,
Which snatch’d my best, my favourite curl away .
Happy ! ah, ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton Court these eyes had never seen !
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
By love of courts to numerous ills betray’d.
O had I rather unadmir’d remain’d
In some lone isle, or distant northern land ;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn ombre, none e’er taste bohea !
There kept my charms conceal’d from mortal eye,
Like roses that in deserts bloom and die,
What mov’d my mind with youthful lords to roam ?
O had I stay’d, and said my prayers at home !
’Twas this the morning-omens seem’d to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell ;
The tottering china shook without a wind,
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind !
A sylph, too, warn’d me of the threats of fate,
In mystic visions, now believ’d too late !
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs !
My hand shall rend what even thy rapine spares :
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck ;
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow’s fate foresees its own ;

Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal shears demands,
And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands.
O hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these !

CANTO V.

SHE said: the pitying audience melt in tears ;
But fate and Jove had stopp'd the baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began :—

‘ Say, why are beauties prais’d and honour’d most,
The wise man’s passion, and the vain man’s toast?
Why deck’d with all the land and sea afford,
Why angels call’d, and angel-like ador’d? [beaux?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov’d
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains ;
That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face !
Oh ! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charm’d the small-pox, or chas’d old age away ;
Who would not scorn what housewife’s cares pro-
duce,

Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint,
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas ! frail beauty must decay,
Curld or uncurld, since lock will turn to grey ;

Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man must die a maid ;
What then remains, but well our power to use,
And keep good-humour still whate'er we lose ?
And trust me, dear ! good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll ; [fail.
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.'

So spoke the dame but no applause ensued ;
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her prude
' To arms, to arms !' the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack ; [crack ;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heavenly breasts with human passions rage ;
Gainst Pallas, Mars ; Latona, Hermes arms ;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms ;
Jove's thunder roars, Heav'n trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound :
Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day ! [way,
Triumphant Umbriel, on a scone's height,
Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight ;
Propp'd on their bodkin-spears, the sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling perish'd in the throng,
One died is metaphor, and one in song :

‘ O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,’
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance sir Fopling upwards cast,
Those eyes are made so killing’—was his last.
Thus on Mæander’s flowery margin lies
Th’ expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepp’d in, and kill’d him with a frown ;
She smil’d to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the beau reviv’d again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the mens’ wits against the lady’s hair ;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side ;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce Belinda on the baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes :
Nor fear’d the chief th’ unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,
She with a finger and a thumb subdued :
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw ;
The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o’erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

‘ Now meet thy fate,’ incens’d Belinda cried,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side :
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great great grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal-rings ; which after melted down,
Form’d a vast buckle for his widow’s gown :
Her infant grandame’s whistle next it grew,
The bells she gingled, and the whistle blew ;

Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

'Boast not my fall,' he cried, 'insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low
Nor think to die dejects my lofty mind;
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.'

'Restore the lock!' she cries; and all around
'Restore the lock!' the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain
But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The lock obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In every place is sought, but sought in vain:
With such a prize no mortal must be bless'd,
So Heav'n decrees! with Heav'n who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on Earth are treasur'd there.
There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,
And beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of ribbon bound,
The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Though mark'd by none but quick poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew
To Proculus alone confess'd in view)
A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.

Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
The heav'ns bespangling with dishevell'd light.
The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd pursue its progress through the skies.

This, the beau monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray ;
This the bless'd lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake ;
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks through Galilæo's eyes ;
And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.

Then cease, bright nymph ! to mourn thy ravish'd
hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere !
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.
For after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die ;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust ;
This lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

Pope.

HENRY AND EMMA.

TO CHLOE.

THOU, to whose eyes I bend, at whose command,
(Though low my voice, though artless be my hand)
I take the sprightly reed, and sing and play,
Careless of what the censuring world may say ;
Bright Chloe ! object of my constant vow,
Wilt thou awhile unbend thy serious brow ?

Where beauteous Isis and her husband Thame
With mingled waves for ever flow the same,
In times of yore an ancient baron liv'd,
Great gifts bestow'd and great respect receiv'd.

When dreadful Edward with successful care
Led his free Britons to the Gallic war,
This lord had headed his appointed bands,
In firm allegiance to his king's commands,
And (all due honours faithfully discharg'd)
Had brought back his paternal coat enlarg'd
With a new mark, the witness of his toil,
And no inglorious part of foreign spoil.

From the loud camp retir'd, and noisy court,
In honourable ease and rural sport
The remnant of his days he safely pass'd,
Nor found they lagg'd too slow, nor flew too fast ;
He made his wish with his estate comply,
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

One child he had, a daughter chaste and fair,
His age's comfort and his fortune's heir :
They call'd her Emma, for the beauteous dame
Who gave the virgin birth had borne the name .
The name the indulgent father doubly lov'd ;
For in the child the mother's charms improv'd :
Yet as, when little, round his knees she play'd,
He call'd her oft, in sport, his Nut-brown Maid ;
The friends and tenants took the fondling word,
(As still they please who imitate their lord)
Usage confirm'd what fancy had begun ;
The mutual terms around the lands were known ;
And Emma and the Nut-brown Maid were one.

As with her stature still her charms increas'd,
Through all the isle her beauty was confess'd.
Oh ! what perfections must that virgin share,
Who fairest is esteem'd where all are fair ?

From distant shires repair the noble youth,
 And find report for once had lessen'd truth.
 By wonder first, and then by passion mov'd,
 They came ; they saw ; they marvell'd ; and they
 lov'd.

By public praises and by secret sighs
 Each own'd the general power of Emma's eyes
 In tilts and tournaments the valiant strove,
 By glorious deeds, to purchase Emma's love.
 In gentle verse the witty told their flame,
 And grac'd their choicest songs with Emma's name
 In vain they combated, in vain they writ,
 Useless their strength, and impotent their wit :
 Great Venus only must direct the dart,
 Which else will never reach the fair one's heart, }
 Spite of the attempts of force and soft effects of }
 art.

Great Venus must prefer the happy one ; }
 In Henry's cause, her favour must be shown, }
 And Emma, of mankind, must love but him }
 alone.

While these in public to the castle came,
 And by their grandeur justified their flame,
 More secret ways the careful Henry takes ;
 His 'squires, his arms, and equipage forsakes.
 In borrow'd name and false attire array'd,
 Oft he finds means to see the beauteous maid.

When Emma hunts, in huntsman's habit dress'd,
 Henry on foot pursues the bounding beast ;
 In his right hand his beachen pole he bears,
 And graceful at his side his horn he wears.
 Still to the glade where she has bent her way,
 With knowing skill he drives the future prey ;
 Bids her decline the hill and shun the brake,
 And shows the path her steed may safest take ;

Directs her spear to fix the glorious wound,
Pleas'd in his toils to have her triumph crown'd, }
And blows her praises in no common sound. }

A falconer Henry is when Emma hawks ;
With her of tarsels and of lures he talks :
Upon his wrist the towering merlin stands,
Practis'd to rise and stoop at her commands :
And when superior now the bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down,
With humble reverence he accosts the fair,
And with the honour'd feather decks her hair.
Yet still as from the sportive field she goes,
His downcast eye reveals his inward woes ;
And by his look and sorrow is express'd
A nobler game pursued than bird or beast.

A shepherd now along the plain he roves,
And with a jolly pipe delights the groves.
The neighbouring swains around the stranger
Or to admire or emulate his song ; [throng,
While with soft sorrow he renews his lays,
Nor heedful of their envy nor their praise :
But soon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
His notes he raises to a nobler strain,
With dutiful respect and studious fear,
Lest any careless sound offend her ear.

A frantic gipsy now the house he haunts,
And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants,
With the fond maids in palmistry he deals :
They tell the secret first, which he reveals,
Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguil'd ;
What groom shall get, and 'squire maintain the
child :

But when bright Emma would her fortune know,
A softer look unbends his opening brow :

With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,
And in soft accents forms the kind reply,
And she shall prove as fortunate as fair, [her
And Hymen's choicest gifts are all reserv'd for

Now oft had Henry chang'd his sly disguise,
Unmark'd by all but beauteous Emma's eyes:
Oft had found means alone to see the dame,
And at her feet to breathe his amorous flame;
And oft the pangs of absence to remove
By letters, soft interpreters of love;
Till time and industry (the mighty two
That bring our wishes nearer to our view)
Made him perceive, that the inclining fair
Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear;
That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
And dealt to Emma's heart a share of Henry's pain.

While Cupid smil'd, by kind occasion bless'd,
And with the secret kept the love increas'd,
The amorous youth frequents the silent groves,
And much he meditates, for much he loves.
He loves, 'tis true, and is belov'd again;
Great are his joys; but will they long remain?
Emma with smiles receives his present flame,
But, smiling, will she ever be the same?
Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds,
And summer seas are turn'd by sudden winds:
Another love may gain her easy youth;
Time changes thought, and flattery conquers truth.

O impotent estate of human life!
Where hope and fear maintain eternal strife;
Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire,
And most we question what we most desire.
Amongst thy various gifts, great Heaven, bestow
Our cup of love unmix'd; forbear to throw

Bitter ingredients in, nor pall the draught
With nauseous grief; for our ill-judging thought
Hardly enjoys the pleasurable taste,
Or deems it not sincere, or fears it cannot last.

With wishes rais'd, with jealousies oppress'd,
(Alternate tyrants of the human breast)

By one great trial he resolves to prove
The faith of woman, and the force of love:
If, scanning Emma's virtues, he may find
That beauteous frame enclose a steady mind,
He'll fix his hope, of future joy secure,
And live a slave to Hymen's happy power:
But if the fair one, as he fears, is frail;
If pois'd aright in reason's equal scale,
Light fly her merits, and her faults prevail,
His mind he vows to free from amorous care,
The latent mischief from his heart to tear,
Resume his azure arms, and shine again in war.

South of the castle, in a verdant glade,
A spreading beech extends her friendly shade;
Here oft the nymph his breathing vows had heard;
Here oft her silence had her heart declar'd.
As active Spring awak'd her infant buds,
And genial life inform'd the verdant woods,
Henry, in knots involving Emma's name,
Had half express'd and half conceal'd his flame
Upon this tree; and as the tender mark
Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark,
Venus had heard the virgin's soft address,
That, as the wound, the passion might increase.
As potent Nature shed her kindly showers,
And deck'd the various mead with opening flowers,
Upon this tree the nymph's obliging care,
Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair,

Which as with gay delight the lover found,
Pleas'd with his conquest, with her present
crown'd.

Glorious through all the plains he oft had gone,
And to each swain the mystic honours shown,
The gift still prais'd, the giver still unknown.

His secret note the troubled Henry writes ;
To the known tree the lovely maid invites :
Imperfect words and dubious terms express
That unforeseen mischance disturb'd his peace ;
That he must something to her ear commend,
On which her conduct and his life depend.

Soon as the fair one had the note receiv'd.
The remnant of the day, alone, she griev'd;
For different this from every former note
Which Venns dictated and Henry wrote;
Which told her all his future hopes were laid
On the dear bosom of his Nut-brown Maid; [power,
Which always bless'd her eyes, and own'd her
And bid her oft adieu, yet added more. [laid,

Now night advanc'd : the house in sleep were
The nurse experienc'd, and the prying maid ;
And last, that sprite which does incessant haunt
The lover's steps, the ancient maiden aunt.
To her dear Henry Emma wings her way
With quicken'd pace repairing forc'd delay :
For Love, fantastic power, that is afraid
To stir abroad till Watchfulness be laid,
Undaunted then o'er cliffs and valleys strays,
And leads his votaries safe through pathless ways
Not Argus with his hundred eyes shall find
Where Cupid goes, though he, poor guide, is blind.

The maiden first arriving, sent her eye
To ask if yet its chief delight were nigh :

With fear and with desire, with joy and pain
She sees, and runs to meet him on the plain;
But, oh! his steps proclaim no lover's haste;
On the low ground his fix'd regards are cast;
His artful bosom heaves dissembled sighs,
And tears, suborn'd, fall copious from his eyes.

With ease, alas! we credit what we love;
His painted grief does real sorrow move
In the afflicted fair: adown her cheek
Trickling the genuine tears their current break:
Attentive stood the mournful nymph: the man
Broke silence first: the tale alternate ran.

HEN. Sincere, oh tell me, hast thou felt a pain,
Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign?
Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove
With the first tumults of a real love?
Hast thou now dreaded and now bless'd his sway,
By turns averse and joyful to obey?
Thy virgin softness hast thou e'er bewail'd,
As reason yielded, and as love prevail'd?
And wept the potent god's resistless dart,
His killing pleasure, his ecstatic smart,
And heavenly poison thrilling through thy heart? }
If so, with pity view my wretched state,
At least deplore and then forget my fate:
To some more happy knight reserve thy charms,
By Fortune favour'd and successful arms;
And only as the sun's revolving ray
Brings back each year this melancholy day,
Permit one sigh, and set apart one tear
To an abandon'd exile's endless care.
For me, alas! outcast of human race,
Love's anger only waits, and dire disgrace;

For, lo! these hands in murder are imbrued,
 These trembling feet by Justice are pursued:
 Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away;
 A shameful death attends my longer stay;
 And I this night must fly from thee and love,
 Condemn'd in lonely woods a banish'd man to rove.

EMMA. What is our bliss that changeth with the
 And day of life that darkens ere 'tis noon? [moon,
 What is true passion, if unblest it dies?
 And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies?
 If love, alas! be pain, the pain I bear
 No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.
 Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd:
 The flames which long have in my bosom reign'd:
 The god of love himself inhabits there,
 With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care, }
 His complement of stores and total war.

O! cease then coldly to suspect my love,
 And let my deed at least my faith approve.
 Alas! no youth shall my endearments share,
 Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care;
 No future story shall with truth upbraid
 The cold indifference of the Nut-brown Maid;
 Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run,
 While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down.
 View me resolv'd, where'er thou lead'st, to go,
 Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe;
 For I attest fair Venus and her son,
 That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

HEN. Let prudence yet obstruct thy vent'rous
 way,
 And take good heed what men will think and say.
 Theauteous Emma vagrant courses took,
 Her father's house and civil life forsook;

That full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
She to the woodland with an exile ran.
Reflect, that lessen'd fame is ne'er regain'd
And virgin-honour once, is always, stain'd :
Timely advis'd, the coming evil shun ;
Better not do the deed, than weep it done :
No penance can absolve our guilty fame,
Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame :
Then fly the sad effects of desperate love, [rove.
And leave a banish'd man through lonely woods to

EMMA. Let Emma's hapless case be falsely told
By the rash young or the ill-natur'd old ;
Let every tongue its various censures choose,
Absolve with coldness, or with spite accusè ;
Fair Truth at last her radiant beams will raise,
And Malice, vanquish'd, heightens Virtue's praise.
Let then thy favour but indulge my flight,
O ! let my presence make thy travels light,
And potent Venus shall exalt my name,
Above the rumours of censorious Fame ;
Nor from that busy demon's restless power
Will ever Emma other grace implore
Than that this truth should to the world be known,
That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone.

HEN. But canst thou wield the sword, and bend
With active force repel the sturdy foe ? [the bow ?
When the loud tumult speaks the battle nigh,
And winged deaths in whistling arrows fly,
Wilt thou, though wounded, yet undaunted stay
Perform thy part, and share the dangerous day ?
Then, as thy strength decays, thy heart will fail
Thy limbs all trembling and thy cheeks all pale,
With fruitless sorrow thou inglorious maid,
Wilt weep thy safety, by thy love betray'd ;

Then to thy friend, thy foes o'ercharg'd, deny
Thy little useless aid, and coward fly; [love
Then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee
A banish'd man, condemn'd in lonely woods to rove.

EMMA. With fatal certainty Thalestris knew
To send the arrow from the twanging yew:
And great in arms, and foremost in the war,
Bonduca brandish'd high the British spear:
Could thirst of vengeance and desire of fame
Excite the female breast with martial flame?
And shall not love's diviner power inspire
More hardy virtue and more generous fire?

Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,
And fall or vanquish, fighting by thy side.
Though my inferior strength may not allow
That I should bear or draw the warrior bow,
With ready hand I will the shaft supply,
And joy to see thy victor-arrows fly.
Touch'd in the battle by the hostile reed,
Shouldst thou (but Heaven avert it) shouldst thou
To stop the wounds my finest lawn I'd tear, [bleed,
Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my hair;
Bless'd when my dangers and my toils have shown
That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone.

HEN. But canst thou, tender Maid, canst thou
Afflictive want, or hunger's pressing pain? [sustain
Those limbs, in lawn and softest silk array'd,
From sunbeams guarded, and of winds afraid,
Can they bear angry Jove? can they resist
The parching Dog-star and the bleak North-east?
When, chill'd by adverse snows and beating rain,
We tread with weary steps the longsome plain;
When with hard toil we seek our evening food,
Berries and acorns, from the neighbouring wood;

And find among the cliffs no other house,
But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs,
Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
Around the dreary waste, and weeping try
(Though then, alas ! that trial be too late)
To find thy father's hospitable gate,
And seats where Ease and Plenty broodingsate? }
Those seats whence, long excluded, thou must
That gate for ever barr'd to thy return ; [mourn ;
Wilt thou not well bewail ill-fated love, [rove ?
And hate a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to

EMMA. Thy rise of fortune did I only wed,
From its decline determin'd to recede ;
Did I but purpose to embark with thee
On the smooth surface of a summer's sea,
While gentle zephyrs play in prosperous gales,
And Fortune's favour fills the swelling sails,
But would forsake the ship and make the shore,
When the winds whistle and the tempests roar !
No, Henry, no : one sacred oath has tied
Our loves ; one destiny our life shall guide,
No wild, nor deep, our common way divide.

When from the cave thou risest with the day,
To beat the woods and rouse the bounding prey,
The cave with moss and branches I'll adorn,
And cheerful sit to wait my lord's return :
And when thou frequent bring'st the smitten deer,
(For seldom, archers say, thy arrows err)
I'll fetch quick fuel from the neighbouring wood,
And strike the sparkling flint, and dress the food :
With humble duty and officious haste
I'll cull the furthest mead for thy repast ;
The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring,
And draw thy water from the freshest spring :

Mix thee amongst the bad, or make thee run
 Too near the paths which Virtue bids thee shun.
 Yet with her Henry still let Emma go;
 With him abhor the vice, but share the woe :
 And sure my little heart can never err
 Amidst the worst, if Henry still be there.

Our outward act is prompted from within,
 And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin :
 By her own choice free Virtue is approv'd,
 Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd ;
 Who has assay'd no danger, gains no praise ;
 In a small isle, amidst the widest seas,
 Triumphant Constancy has fix'd her seat ;
 In vain the syrens sing, the tempests beat :
 Their flattery she rejects, nor fears their threat. }

For thee alone these little charms I dress'd,
 Condemn'd them, or absolv'd them, by thy test :
 In comely figure rang'd, by jewels shone,
 Or negligently plac'd for thee alone :
 For thee again they shall be laid aside ;
 The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride
 For thee : my clothes, my sex exchang'd for thee, }
 I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee ;
 O line extreme of human infamy ! }

Wanting the scissars, with these hands I'll tear
 (If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair :
 Black soot or yellow walnut shall disgrace
 This little red and white of Emma's face :
 These nails with scratches shall deform my breast,
 Lest by my look or colour be express'd
 The mark of aught high-born, or ever better
 dress'd.

Yet in this commerce, under this disguise,
 Let me be grateful still to Henry's eyes ;

Lost to the world, let me to him be known ;
 My fate I can absolve, if he shall own
 That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone. }

HEN. O wildest thought of an abandon'd mind !
 Name, habit, parents, woman left behind,
 Even honour dubious, thou preferr'st to go
 Wild to the woods with me. Said Emma so ?
 Or did I dream what Emma never said ?
 O guilty error ! and O wretched maid !
 Whose roving fancy would resolve the same
 With him who next should tempt her easy fame,
 And blow with empty words the susceptible flame.
 Now why should doubtful terms thy mind perplex ?
 Confess thy frailty, and avow thy sex :
 No longer loose desire for constant love
 Mistake, but say, 'tis man with whom thou long'st
 to rove.

EMMA. Are there not poisons, racks, and flames,
 and swords,
 That Emma thus must die by Henry's words ?
 Yet what could swords or poisons, racks or flame,
 But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame !
 More fatal Henry's words, they murder Emma's
 fame. }

And fall these sayings from that gentle tongue
 Where civil speech and soft persuasion hung ?
 Whose artful sweetness and harmonious strain,
 Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,
 Call'd sighs, and tears, and wishes, to its aid,
 And, whilst it Henry's glowing flame convey'd,
 Still blame the coldness of the Nut-brown Maid ? }

Let envious Jealousy and canker'd Spite
 Produce my actions to severest light,
 And tax my open day or secret night. }

Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart,
 The least inclin'd to play the wanton's part ?
 Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,
 Which angels might not hear, and virgin's tell ?
 And hast thou, Henry, in my conduct known
 One fault, but that which I must ever own,
 That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone?

HEN. Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone;
 Each man is man, and all our sex is one:
 False are our words, and fickle is our mind ;
 Nor in Love's ritual can we ever find
 Vows made to last, or promises to bind.

By Nature prompted, and for empire made,
 Alike by strength or cunning we invade :
 When arm'd with rage we march against the foe,
 We lift the battle-axe and draw the bow ;
 When fir'd with passion, we attack the fair,
 Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear ;
 Our falsehood and our arms have equal use,
 As they our conquest or delight produce.

The foolish heart thou gav'st, again receive,
 The only boon departing Love can give
 To be less wretched, be no longer true ;
 What strives to fly thee, why shouldst thou
 pursue ?

Forget the present flame, indulge a new :
 Single the loveliest of the amorous youth ;
 Ask for his vow, but hope not for his truth
 The next man (and the next thou shalt believe)
 Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive ;
 Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and leave.
 Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right ;
 Be wise and false, shun trouble, seek delight ;
 Change thou the first, nor wait thy lover's flight

Why shouldst thou weep? let Nature judge our
case;

I saw thee young and fair; pursued the chase
Of youth and beauty: I another saw
Fairer and younger: yielding to the law
Of our all-ruling mother, I pursued
More youth, more beauty. Bless'd vicissitude!
My active heart still keeps its pristine flame;
The object alter'd, the desire the same.

This younger, fairer, pleads her rightful charms,
With present power compels me to her arms;
And much I fear from my subjected mind,
(If beauty's force to constant love can bind)
That years may roll ere in her turn the maid
Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd,
And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,
With idle clamours of a broken vow.

Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err
So wide to hope that thou may'st live with her:
Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows;
Cupid, averse, rejects divided vows:
Then from thy foolish heart, vain maid, remove
A useless sorrow and an ill-starr'd love, [rove.
And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods to

EMMA. Are we in life through one great error
led?

In each man perjur'd, and each nymph betray'd?
Of the superior sex art thou the worst?
Am I of mine the most completely curs'd?
Yet let me go with thee, and going prove,
From what I will endure, how much I love.

This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
This happy object of our different care,

Her let me follow ; her let me attend,
 A servant ; (she may scorn the name of friend)
 What she demands incessant I'll prepare ;
 I'll weave her garlands, and I'll plait her hair :
 My busy diligence shall deck her board,
 (For there, at least, I may approach my lord) }
 And when her Henry's softer hours advise
 His servant's absence, with dejected eyes }
 Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.

Yet when increasing grief brings slow disease,
 And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,
 Will have its little lamp no longer fed
 When Henry's mistress shows him Emma dead,
 Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect :
 With virgin honours let my hearse be deck'd,
 And decent emblem ; and, at least persuade
 This happy nymph that Emma may be laid
 Where thou, dear author of my death, where she
 With frequent eye my sepulchre may see.
 The nymph, amidst her joys, may haply breathe
 One pious sigh, reflecting on my death,
 And the sad fate which she may one day prove,
 Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love..
 And thou forsworn, thou cruel as thou art,
 If Emma's image ever touch'd thy heart, [tear
 Thou sure must give one thought, and drop one
 To her whom love abandon'd to despair ;
 To her who, dying, on the wounded stone }
 Bid it in lasting characters be known }
 That, of mankind, she lov'd but thee alone. }

HEN. Hear, solemn Jove, and conscious Venus
 hear ;
 And thou, bright maid, believe me whilst I swear ;

No time, no change, no future flame, shall move
The well-plac'd basis of my lasting love.

O powerful virtue! O victorious fair!

At least excuse a trial too severe;

Receive the triumph, and forget the war.

No banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove,

Entreats thy pardon, and implores thy love:

No perjur'd knight desires to quit thy arms,

Fairest collection of thy sex's charms,

Crown of my love, and honour of my youth;

Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth,

As thou may'st wish, shall all his life employ,

And found his glory in his Emma's joy.

In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,

Illustrious earl; him terrible in war

Let Loyre confess, for she has felt his sword,

And trembling fled before the British lord.

Him great in peace and wealth fair Deva knows,

For she amidst his spacious meadows flows,

Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands,

And sees his numerous herds imprint her sands.

And thou, my fair, my dove, shalt raise thy thought

To greatness next to empire: shalt be brought

With solemn pomp to my paternal seat,

Where peace and plenty on thy word shall wait:

Music and song shall wake the marriage day.

And while the priests accuse the bride's delay,

Myrtles and roses shall obstruct her way.

Friendship shall still thy evening feasts adorn,

And blooming Peace shall ever bless thy morn:

Succeeding years their happy race shall run,

And age unheeded by delight come on,

While yet superior love shall mock his power;

And when old Time shall turn the fated hour,

Which only can our well-tied knot unfold,
What rests of both, one sepulchre shall hold.
Hence, then, for ever, from my Emma's breast
(That heaven of softness, and that seat of rest)
Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move
Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love ;
Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in forests rove.

EMMA. O day ! the fairest sure that ever rose !
Period and end of anxious Emma's woes !
Sire of her joy, and source of her delight,
O wing'd with pleasure take thy happy flight,
And give each future morn a tincture of thy white.
Yet tell thy votary, potent queen of love,
Henry, my Henry, will he never rove ?
Will he be ever kind, and just, and good ?
And is there yet no mistress in the wood ? [vain,
None, none there is : the thought was rash and
A false idea, and a fancied pain.
Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd heart,
And anxious jealousy's corroding smart ;
Nor other inmate shall inhabit there,
But soft belief, young joy, and pleasing care.

Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow.
And Fortune's various gale unheeded blow.
If at my feet the suppliant goddess stands,
And sheds her treasure with unwearied hands,
Her present favour cautious I'll embrace,
And not unthankful use the proffer'd grace ;
If she reclaims the temporary boon,
And tries her pinions, fluttering to be gone ;
Secure of mind, I'll obviate her intent,
And, unconcern'd, return the goods she lent.
Nor happiness can I, nor misery, feel,
From any turn of her fantastic wheel :

Friendship's great laws, and Love's superior
Must mark the colour of my future hours. [powers,
From the events which thy commands create
I must my blessings or my sorrows date,
And Henry's will must dictate Emma's fate. }

Yet while with close delight and inward pride
(Which from the world my careful soul shall hide)
I see thee, lord and end of my desire,
Exalted high as virtue can require,
With power invested, and with pleasure cheer'd,
Sought by the good, by the oppressor fear'd,
Loaded and bless'd with all the affluent store
Which human vows at smoking shrines implore;
Grateful and humble grant me to employ
My life, subservient only to thy joy;
And at my death, to bless thy kindness, shown
To her who, of mankind, could love but thee alone

WHILE thus the constant pair alternate said,
Joyful above them and around them play'd
Angels and sportive Loves, a numerous crowd;
Smiling they clapp'd their wings, and low they
They tumbled all their little quivers o'er, [bow'd.
To choose propitious shafts a precious store,
That when their god should take his future darts,
To strike (however rarely) constant hearts,
His happy skill might proper arms employ,
All tipp'd with pleasure, and all wing'd with joy:
And those, they vow'd, whose lives should imitate
Those lovers' constancy, should share their fate.

The queen of beauty stopped her bridled doves,
Approved the little labour of the Loves;
Was proud and pleas'd the mutual vow to hear, }
And to the triumph call'd the god of war;
Soon as she calls, the god is always near. }

‘Now Mars,’ she said, ‘let Fame exalt her voice,
Nor let thy conquests only be her choice ;
But when she sings great Edward from the field
Return’d, the hostile spear and captive shield
In Concord’s temple hung, and Gallia taught to
yield.

And when, as prudent Saturn shall complete
The years design’d to perfect Britain’s state,
The swift-wing’d power shall take her trump
again,

To sing her favourite Anna’s wondrous reign ;
To recollect unwearied Marlborough’s toils,
Old Rufus’ hall unequal to his spoils ;
The British soldier from his high command
Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquish’d by his hand :
Let her at least perform what I desire ;
With second breath the vocal brass inspire ;
And tell the Nations in no vulgar strain,
What wars I manage, and what wreaths I gain,
And when thy tumults and thy fights are pass’d ;
And when thy laurels at my feet are cast ;
Faithful may’st thou, like British Henry, prove ;
And Emma-like let me return thy love.

‘ Renown’d for truth, let all thy sons appear ;
And constant Beauty shall reward their care.’

Mars smil’d, and bow’d : the Cyprian deity
Turn’d to the glorious ruler of the sky :
‘ And thou,’ she smiling said, ‘ great God of days
And verse, behold my deed, and sing my praise,
As on the British earth, my favourite isle,
Thy gentle rays and kindest influence smile,
Through all her laughing fields and verdant groves,
Proclaim with joy these memorable loves.
From every annual course let one great day,
To celebrated sports and floral play

Be set aside ; and in the softest lays
Of thy poetic sons, be solemn praise
And everlasting marks of honour paid,
To the true lover, and the Nut-brown Maid.*

Prior

THE SPLEEN.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. CUTHBERT JACKSON.

THIS motly piece to you I send,
Who always were a faithful friend ;
Who, if disputes should happen hence,
Can best explain the author's sense ;
And, anxious for the public weal,
Do, what I sing, so often feel.

The want of method pray excuse,
Allowing for a vapour'd Muse ;
Nor to a narrow path confin'd,
Hedge in by rules a roving mind.

The child is genuine, you may trace
Throughout the sire's transmitted face.
Nothing is stol'n : my Muse, though mean,
Draws from the spring she finds within ;
Nor vainly buys what Gildon* sells,
Poetic buckets for dry wells.

School-helps I want, to climb on high,
Where all the ancient treasures lie,
And there unseen commit a theft
On wealth, in Greek exchequers left.
Then where ? from whom ? what can I steal,
Who only with the moderns deal ?

* Gildon published a Complete Art of Poetry..

This were attempting to put on
Raiment from naked bodies won*;
They safely sing before a thief,
They cannot give who want relief;
Some few excepted, names well known,
And justly laurell'd with renown,
Whose stamp of genius marks their ware,
And theft detects : of theft beware;
From More † so lash'd, example fit,
Shun petty larceny in wit.

First know, my friend, I do not mean
To write a *treatise* on the Spleen;
Nor to prescribe when nerves convulse;
Nor mend th' alarum watch, your pulse.
If I am right your question lay,
What course I take to drive away
The day-mare Spleen, by whose false pleas
Men prove mere suicides in ease;
And how I do myself demcan,
In stormy world to live serene.

When by its magic-lantern Spleen
With frightful figures spread life's scene,
And threatening prospects urg'd my fears,
A stranger to the luck of theirs;
Reason, some quiet to restore,
Show'd part was substance, shadow more;
With Spleen's dead weight though heavy grown,
In life's rough tide I sunk not down,

* ' A painted vest prince Vortiger had on,
Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won.'
HOWARD'S British Princes.

† James More Smith, esq. See Dunciad, B. ii. l. 50. and the notes, where the circumstances of the transaction here alluded to are very fully explained.

But swam, till Fortune threw a rope,
Buoyant on bladders, fill'd with hope.

I always choose the plainest food
To mend viscosity of blood.
Hail! water-gruel, healing power,
Of easy access to the poor;
Thy help love's confessors implore,
And doctors secretly adore;
To thee I fly, by thee delude—
Through veins my blood doth quicker shoot,
And, by swift current, throws off clean
Prolific particles of Spleen.

I never sick by drinking grow,
Nor keep myself a cup too low.
And seldom Chloe's lodgings haunt,
Thrifty of spirits which I want.

Hunting I reckon very good
To brace the nerves, and stir the blood:
But after no field honours itch,
Achiev'd by leaping hedge and ditch.
While Spleen lies soft relax'd in bed,
Or o'er coal-fires inclines the head,
Hygeia's sons with hound and horn,
And jovial cry, awake the morn. •
These see her from the dusky plight,
Smear'd by th' embraces of the night,
With rural wash redeem her face,
And prove herself of Titan's race,
And, mounting in loose robes the skies,
Shed light and fragrance as she flies.
Then horse and hound fierce joy display,
Exulting at the Hark-away,
And in pursuit o'er tainted ground,
From lungs robust field-notes resound.

Then, as St. George the dragon slew,
Spleen pierc'd, trod down, and dying view ;
While all their spirits are on wing,
And woods, and hills, and valleys ring.

To cure the mind's wrong bias, Spleen,
Some recommend the bowling-green ;
Some, hilly walks ; all, exercise ;
Fling but a stone, the giant dies.
Laugh and be well. Monkeys have been
Extreme good doctors for the Spleen ;
And kitten, if the humour hit,
Has harlequin'd away the fit.

Since mirth is good in this behalf,
At some particulars let us laugh.
Witlings, brisk fools, curs'd with half sense,
That stimulates their impotence ;
Who buz in rhyme, and, like blind flies,
Err with their wings, for want of eyes,
Poor authors worshipping a calf,
Deep tragedies that make us laugh,
A strict dissenter saying grace,
A lecturer preaching for a place,
Folks, things prophetic to dispense,
Making the past the future tense,
The popish dubbing of a priest,
Fine epitaphs on knaves deceas'd,
Green-apron'd Pythonisa's rage,
Great Æsculapius on his stage,
A miser starving to be rich,
The prior of Newgate's dying speech,
A jointur'd widow's ritual state,
Two Jews disputing tête-à-tête,
New almanacs compos'd by seers,
Experiments on felons' ears,

Disdainful prudes, who ceaseless ply
The superb muscle of the eye,
A coquette's April-weather face,
A Queenborough mayor behind his mace,
And fops in military show,
Are sovereign for the case in view.

If Spleen-fogs rise at close of day
I clear my evening with a play,
Or to some concert take my way :
The company, the shine of lights,
The scenes of humour, music's flights,
Adjust and set the soul to rights.

Life's moving pictures, well-wrought plays,
To others' grief attention raise :
Here, while the tragic fictions glow,
We borrow joy by pitying woe ;
There daily comic scenes delight,
And hold true mirrors to our sight,
Virtue, in charming dress array'd,
Calling the passions to her aid,
When moral scenes just actions join,
Takes shape, and shows her face divine.

Music has charms, we all may find,
Ingratiate deeply with the mind.
When art does sound's high power advance,
To music's pipe the passions dance ;
Motions unwill'd its power have shown,
Tarantulated by a tune.

Many have held the soul to be
Nearly allied to harmony.
Her have I known, indulging grief,
And shunning company's relief,
Unveil her face, and, looking round,
Own, by neglecting sorrow's wound,
The consanguinity of sound.

In rainy days keep double guard,
Or Spleen will surely be too hard ;
Which, like those fish by sailors met,
Fly highest, while their wings are wet.
In such dull weather, so unfit
To enterprize a work of wit,
When clouds one yard of azure sky,
That's fit for simile, deny.
I dress my face with studious looks,
And shorten tedious hours with books.
But if dull fogs invade the head,
That memory minds not what is read,
I sit in window, dry as ark,
And on the drowning world remark :
Or to some coffee-house I stray
For news, the manna of a day,
And from the hipp'd discourses gather,
That politics go by the weather :
Then seek good-humour'd tavern chums,
And play at cards, but for small sums ;
Or with the merry fellows quaff,
And laugh aloud with them that laugh ;
Or drink a joco-serious cup
With souls who've took their freedom up,
And let my mind, beguil'd by talk, !
In' Epicurus' garden walk,
Who thought it heaven to be serene ;
Pain, hell ; and purgatory, spleen.
Sometimes I dress, with women sit,
And chat away the gloomy fit ;
Quit the stiff garb of serious sense,
And wear a gay impertinence,
Nor think nor speak with any pains,
But lay on fancy's neck the reins :

Talk of unusual swell of waist
In maid of honour loosely lac'd,
And beauty borrowing Spanish red,
And loving pair with separate bed,
And jewels pawn'd for loss of game,
And then redeem'd by loss of fame;
Of Kitty (aunt left in the lurch
By grave pretence to go to church)
Perceiv'd in hack with lover fine,
Like Will and Mary on the coin:
And thus in modish manner we,
In aid of sugar, sweeten tea.

Permit, ye fair, your idol form,
Which e'en the coldest heart can warm,
May with its beauties grace my line,
While I bow down before its shrine;
And your throng'd altars with my lays
Perfume, and get by giving praise.
With speech so sweet so sweet a mien
You excommunicate the Spleen,
Which, fiend-like, flies the magic ring
You form with sound, when pleas'd to sing;
Whate'er you say, howe'er you move,
We look, we listen, and approve,
Your touch, which gives to feeling bliss,
Our nerves officious throng to kiss;
By Celia's pat, on their report,
The grave-air'd soul, inclin'd to sport,
Renounces wisdom's sullen pomp,
And loves the floral game, to romp.
But who can view the pointed rays,
That from black eyes scintillant blaze?
Love on his throne of glory seems
Encompass'd with satellite be

But when blue eyes, more softly bright,
Diffuse benignly humid light,
We gaze, and see the smiling Loves,
And Cytherea's gentle doves,
And raptur'd, fix in such a face
Love's mercy-seat and throne of grace.
Shine but on age, you melt its snow;
Again fires long-extinguish'd glow,
And, charm'd by witchery of eyes,
Blood, long congealed, liquifies!
True miracle, and fairly done
By heads which are ador'd, while on.

But oh, what pity 'tis to find,
Such beauties both of form and mind,
By modern breeding much debas'd,
In half the female world at least?
Hence I with care such lotteries shun,
Where, a prize miss'd, I'm quite undone;
And han't, by venturing on a wife,
Yet run the greatest risk in life.

Mothers, and guardian aunts, forbear
Your impious pains to form the fair,
Nor lay out so much cost and art,
But to deflower the virgin heart;
Of every folly-fostering bed
By quickening heat of custom bred.
Rather than by your culture spoil'd,
Desist, and give us nature wild,
Delighted with a hoyden-soul,
Which truth and innocence controul.
Coquettes, leave off affected arts,
Gay fowlers at a flock of hearts;
Woodcocks to shun your snares have skill,
You show so plain you strive to kill.

In love the artless catch the game,
And they scarce miss, who never aim.
The world's great Author did create
The sex to fit the nuptial state,
And meant a blessing in a wife
To solace the fatigues of life ;
And old inspired times display,
How wives could love, and yet obey.
Then truth, and patience of controul,
And housewife arts adorn'd the soul ;
And charms, the gift of nature, shone ;
And jealousy, a thing unknown ;
Veils were the only mask they wore ;
Novels, (receipts to make a whore)
Nor ombre, nor quadrille they knew,
Nor Pam's puissance felt at loo.
Wise men did not, to be thought gay,
Then compliment their power away :
But lest by frail desires misled,
The girls forbidden paths should tread,
Of ignorance rais'd the safe high wall ;
We sink haw-haws, that show them all.
Thus we at once solicit sense,
And charge them not to break the fence.

Now, if untir'd, consider, friend,
What I avoid to gain my end.

I never am at Meeting seen,
Meeting, that region of the Spleen,
The broken heart, the busy fiend,
The inward call, on Spleen depend.

Law, licens'd breaking of the peace,
To which vacation is disease ;
A gipsy diction scarce known well
By th' magi, who law-fortunes tell,

I shun ; nor let it breed within
Anxiety, and that the Spleen ;
Law, grown a forest, where perplex
The mazes and the brambles vex ;
Where its twelve verderers every day
Are changing still the public way :
Yet if we miss our path and err,
We grievous penalties incur ;
And wanderers tire, and tear their skin,
And then get out, where they went in.

I never game, and rarely bet,
Am loth to lend, or run in debt.
No compter-writs me agitate ;
Who moralizing pass the gate,
And there mine eyes on spendthrifts turn,
Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn.
Wisdom, before beneath their care,
Pays her unbraiding visits there,
And forces folly through the grate
Her panegyric to repeat.
This view, profusely when inclin'd,
Enters a caveat in the mind :
Experience join'd with common sense,
To mortals is a providence.

Passion, (as frequently is seen)
Subsiding settles into Spleen.
Hence, as the plague of happy life,
I turn away from party-strife.
A prince's cause, a church's claim,
I've known to raise a mighty flame,
And priest, as stoker, very free
To throw in peace and charity.

That tribe, whose practicles decree
Shall beer the deadliest heresy ;

Who, fond of pedigree, derive
From the most noted whore alive ;
Who own wine's old prophetic aid,
And love the mitre Bacchus made,
Forbid the faithful to depend
On half-pint drinkers for a friend ;
And in whose gay, red-letter'd face,
We read good living more than grace :
Nor they so pure, and so precise,
Immaculate as their white of eyes,
Who for the spirit hug the Spleen,
Phylacter'd throughout all their mien ;
Who their ill-tasted home-brew'd pray'r
To the state's mellow forms prefer ;
Who doctrines, as infectious, fear,
Which are not steep'd in vinegar,
And samples of heart-chested grace
Expose in show-glass of the face,
Did never me as yet provoke
Either to honour band and cloak,
Or deck my hat with leaves of oak.

I rail not with mock-patriot grace
At folks, because they are in place ;
Nor, hir'd to praise with stallion pen,
Serve the ear-lechery of men ;
But, to avoid religious jars,
The laws are my expositors,
Which in my doubting mind create
Conformity to church and state.
I go, pursuant to my plan,
To Mecca with the Caravan ;
And think it right in common sense
Both for diversion and defence.

Reforming schemes are none of mine;
To mend the world's a vast design :
Like theirs, who tug in little boat,
To pull to them a ship afloat,
While to defeat their labour'd end,
At once both wind and stream contend :
Success herein is seldom seen
And zeal, when baffled, turns to Spleen.

Happy the man, who, innocent,
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent ;
His skiff does with current glide,
Not puffing pull'd against the tide.
He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
Sees unconcern'd life's wager row'd,
And when he can't prevent foul play,
Enjoys the folly of the fray.

By these reflections, I repeal
Each hasty promise made in zeal.
When gospel propagators say,
We're bound our great light to display,
And Indian darkness drive away ;
Yet none but drunken watchmen send
And scoundrel linkboys for that end ;
When they cry up this holy war,
Which every Christian should be for,
Yet such as owe the law their ears,
We find employ'd as engineers :
This view my forward zeal so shocks,
In vain they hold the money-box.
At such a conduct, which intends
By vicious means such virtuous ends,
I laugh off Spleen, and keep my pence
From spoiling Indian innocence.

}

Yet philosophic love of ease
I suffer not to prove disease
But rise up in virtuous cause
Of a free press, and equal laws.
The press restrain'd ! nefarious thought !
In vain our sires have nobly fought :
While free from force the press remains,
Virtue and Freedom cheer our plains,
And Learning largesses bestows,
And keeps uncensur'd open house.
We to the nation's public mart
Our works of wit, and schemes of art,
And philosophic goods this way,
Like water carriage, cheap convey.
This tree which knowledge so affords,
Inquisitors with flaming swords
From lay-approach with zeal defend,
Lest their own paradise should end.
The press from her fecundous womb
Brought forth the arts of Greece and Rome ;
Her offspring, skill'd in logic war,
Truth's banner wav'd in open air ;
The monster Superstition fled
And hid in shades its Gorgon head ;
And lawless power, the long-kept field,
By reason quell'd, was forc'd to yield.
This nurse of arts, and freedom's fence
To chain, is treason against sense ;
And, Liberty, thy thousand tongues
None silence, who design no wrongs ;
For those, who use the gag's restraint,
First rob, before they stop complaint.
Since disappointment galls within,
And subjugates the soul to Spleen.

Most schemes, as money-snares, I hate,
And bite not at projector's bait.
Sufficient wrecks appear each day,
And yet fresh fools are cast away.
Ere well the bubbled can turn round,
Their painted vessel runs aground ;
Or in deep seas it oversets
By a fierce hurricane of debts ;
Or helm-directors in one trip,
Freight first embezzled, sink the ship.
Such was of late a corporation*,
The brazen-serpent of the nation,
Which when hard accidents distress'd,
The poor must look at to be bless'd,
And thence expect, with paper seal'd
By fraud and usury, to be heal'd.

I in no soul-consumption wait
Whole years at levees of the great,
And hungry hopes regale the while
On the spare diet of a smile.
There you may see the idol stand
With mirror in his wanton hand ;
Above, below, now here, now there,
He throws about the sunny glare ;
Crowds pant, and press to seize the prize,
The gay delusion of their eyes.

* The Charitable Corporation, instituted for the relief of the industrious poor, by assisting them with small sums upon pledges at legal interest. By the villany of those who had the management of this scheme, the proprietors were defrauded of very considerable sums of money. In 1732 the conduct of the directors of this body became the subject of a parliamentary inquiry, and some of them, who were members of the House of Commons, were expelled for their concern in this iniquitous transaction.

When Fancy tries her limning skill
To draw and colour at her will,
And raise and round the figures well,
And show her talent to excel :
I guard my heart, lest it should woo
Unreal beauties Fancy drew,
And, disappointed, feel despair
At loss of things, that never were.

When I lean politicians mark
Grazing on ether in the Park ;
Who, e'er on wing, with open throats
Fly at debates, expresses, votes,
Just in the manner swallows use,
Catching their airy food of news :
Whose latrant stomachs oft molest
Their deep-laid plans their dreams suggest ;
Or see some poet pensive sit,
Fondly mistaken Spleen for wit :
Who, though short-winded, still will aim
To sound the epic trump of Fame ;
Who still on Phœbus' smiles will dote,
Nor learn conviction from his coat :
I bless my stars I never knew
Whimsies, which, close pursued, undo,
And have from old experience been
Both parent and the child of Spleen.
These subjects of Apollo's state,
Who from false fire derive their fate,
With airy purchases undone
Of lands, which none lend money on,
Born dull, and follow'd thriving ways,
Nor lost one hour to gather bays.
Their fancies first delirious grew,
And scenes ideal took for true

Fine to the sight Parnassus lies,
And with false prospects chëats their eyes ;
The fabled gods the poets sing,
A season of perpetual spring,
Brooks, flowery fields, and groves of trees,
Affording sweets and similies
Gay dreams inspir'd in myrtle bow'rs,
And wreaths of undecaying flowers,
Apollo's harp with airs divine,
The sacred music of the Nine,
Views of the temple rais'd to Fame,
And for a vacant niche prond aim,
Ravish their souls, and plainly show
What Fancy's sketching power can do.
They will attempt the mountain steep,
Where on the top, like dreams in sleep,
The Muses revelations show,
That find men crack'd, or make them so.

You, friend, like me, the trade of rhyme
Avoid, elaborate waste of time,
Nor are content to be undone,
To pass for Phœbus' crazy son.
Poems, the hop-grounds of the brain,
Afford the most uncertain gain ;
And lotteries never tempt the wise,
With blanks so many to a prize.
I only transient visits pay,
Meeting the Muses in my way,
Scarce known to the fastidious dames,
Nor skill'd to call them by their names,
Nor can their passports in these days,
Your profit warrant, or your praise.
On poems by their dictates writ,
Critics, as sworn appraisers, sit ;

And, mere upholsterers, in a trice
On gems and painting set a price.
These tailoring artists, for our lays
Invent cramp'd rules, and with straight stays,
Striving free Nature's shape to hit,
Emaciate sense, before they fit.

A common place, and many friends
Can serve the plagiary's ends :
Whose easy vamping talent lies, '
First wit to pilfer, then disguise.
Thus some devoid of art and skill
To search the mine on Pindus' hill,
Proud to aspire and workmen grow
By genius doom'd to stay below,
For their own digging show the town
Wit's treasure brought by others down.
Some wanting, if they find a mine,
An artist's judgment to refine,
On fame precipitately fix'd,
The ore with baser metals mix'd
Melt down, impatient of delay,
And call the vicious mass a—play.
All these engage, to serve their ends,
A band select of trusty friends,
Who, lessen'd right, extol the thing,
As Psapho*taught his birds to sing ;
Then to the ladies they submit,
Returning officers on wit :

* Psapho was a Libyan, who, desiring to be reckoned a god effected it by this invention ; he took young birds, and taught them to sing, ' Psapho is a god.' When they were perfect in their lesson, he let them fly ; and other birds learning the same ditty, repeated it in the woods ; on which his countrymen offered sacrifice to him, and considered him as a deity.

A crowded house their presence draws,
And on the beaux imposes laws,
A judgment in its favour ends,
When all the pannel are its friends :
Their natures, merciful and mild,
Have from mere pity sav'd the child ;
In bulrush-ark the bantling found
Helpless, and ready to be drown'd,
They have preserv'd by kind support,
And brought the baby-muse to court.

But there's a youth* that you can name,
Who needs no leading-strings to fame,
Whose quick maturity of brain
The birth of Pallas may explain :
Dreaming of whose depending fate,
I heard Melpomene debate ;—
' This, this is he, that was foretold
Should emulate our Greeks of old.
Inspir'd by me with sacred art,
He sings, and rules the varied heart !
If Jove's dread anger he rehearse,
We hear the thunder in his verse ;
If he describes love turn'd to rage,
The furies riot in his page.
If he fair liberty and law,
By ruffian power expiring, draw,
The keener passions then engage
Aright, and sanctify their rage,
If he attempt disastrous love,
We hear those plaints that wound the grove :
Within the kinder passions glow,
And tears distill'd from pity flow.'

* Mr. Glover, the excellent author of *Leucidas*.

From the bright vision I descend,
And my deserted theme attend.

Me never did ambition seize,
Strange fever, most inflam'd by ease !
The active lunacy of pride,
That courts jilt Fortune for a bride
This paradise tree, so fair and high,
I view with no aspiring eye :
Like aspin shake the restless leaves.
And Sodom-fruit our pains deceives,
Whence frequent falls give no surprise,
But fits of Spleen call'd *growing wise*.
Greatness, in glittering forms display'd,
Affects weak eyes much us'd to shade,
And by its falsely envied scene
Give self-debasing fits of Spleen.
We should be pleas'd that things are so
Who do for nothing see the show.
And, middle-siz'd, can pass between
Life's hubbub safe, because unseen ;
And midst the glare of greatness trace
A wat'ry sunshine in the face,
And pleasures fled to, to redress
The sad fatigue of idleness.

Contentment, parent of delight,
So much a stranger to our sight,
Say, goddess, in what happy place
Mortals behold thy blooming face ;
Thy gracious auspices impart,
And for thy temple choose my heart.
They whom thou deignest to inspire,
Thy science learn, to bound desire ;
By happy alchymy of mind,
They turn to pleasure all they find ;

They both disdain in outward mien
The grave and solemn garb of Spleen,
And meretricious arts of dress,
To feign a joy, and hide distress ;
Unmov'd when the rude tempest blows,
Without an opiate they repose ;
And cover'd by your shield, defy
The whizzing shafts, that round them fly :
Nor meddling with the god's affairs,
Concern themselves with distant cares ;
But place their bliss in mental rest,
And feast upon the good possess'd.

Forc'd by soft violence of pray'r,
The blithsome goddess soothes my care,
I feel the deity inspire,
And thus she models my desire :
Two hundred pounds, half-yearly paid,
Annuity securely made,
A farm some twenty miles from town,
Small, tight, salubrious, and my own :
Two maids, that never saw the town,
A serving-man not quite a clown,
A boy to help to tread the mow,
And drive, while t'other holds the plough ;
A chief, of temper form'd to please,
Fit to converse, and keep the keys ;
And better to preserve the peace,
Commission'd by the name of niece ;
With understandings of a size
To think their master very wise,
May Heaven (it's all I wish for) send
One genial room to treat a friend,
Where decent cupboard, little plate,
Display benevolence, not state

BOOK II.**LARGER POEMS**

And may my humble dwelling stand
Upon some chosen spot of land :
A pond before, full to the brim,
Where cows may cool, and geese may swim ;
Behind, a green, like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye and to the feet ;
Where odorous plants, in evening fair,
Breathe all around ambrosial air ;
From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
Fenc'd by a slope with bushes crown'd,
Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
Who pay their quit-rents with a song ;
With opening views of hill and dale,
Which sense and fancy too regale,
Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds,
Like amphitheatre surrounds :
And woods, impervious to the breeze,
Thick phalanx of embodied trees,
From hills through plains in dusk array
Extended far, repel the day.
Here stillness, height, and solemn shade
Invite, and contemplation aid :
Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
The dark decrees and will of fate,
And dreams beneath the spreading beech,
Inspire, and docile fancy teach ;
While soft as breezy breath of wind,
Impulses rustle through the mind :
Here Dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray,
While Pan melodious pipes away
In measur'd motions frisk about,
Till old Silenus puts them out.
There see the clover, pea, and bean,
Vie in variety of green ;

Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,
Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep,
Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,
And poppy top-knots deck her hair,
And silver streams through meadows stray,
And Naiads on the margin play,
And lesser nymphs, on side of hills,
From plaything urns pour down the rills.

Thus shelter'd, free from care and strife,
May I enjoy a calm through life;
See faction, safe in low degree,
As men at land see storms at sea,
And laugh at miserable elves,
Not kind, so much as to themselves,
Curs'd with such souls of base alloy,
As can possess, but not enjoy;
Debarr'd the pleasure to impart
By avarice, sphincter of the heart;
Who wealth, hard earn'd by guilty cares
Bequeath untouch'd to thankless heirs.
May I, with look ungloom'd by guile
And wearing Virtue's livery-smile
Prone the distressed to relieve,
And little trespasses forgive;
With income not in Fortune's pow'r,
And skill to make a busy hour,
And trips to town, life to amuse,
To purchase books, and hear the news,
To see old friends, brush off the clown,
And quicken taste at coming down,
Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,
And slowly mellowing in age,
When Fate extends its gathering gripe,
Fall off, like fruit grown fully ripe;

Quit a worn being without pain,
Perhaps to blossom soon again.

But now more serious see me grow,
And what I think, my Memmius, know.

Th' enthusiast's hope, and raptures wild,
Have never yet my reason foil'd.

His springy soul dilates like air,
When free from weight of ambient care,
And, hush'd in meditation deep,
Slides into dreams, as when asleep;
Then, fond of new discoveries grown,
Proves a Columbus of her own,
Disdains the narrow bounds of place,
And through the wilds of endless space,
Borne up on metaphysic wings,
Chases light forms and shadowy things,
And, in the vague excursion caught,
Brings home some rare exotic thought.
The melancholy man such dreams,
As brightest evidence, esteems;
Fain would he see some distant scene
Suggested by his restless Spleen,
And Fancy's telescope applies,
With tinctur'd glass, to cheat his eyes.
Such thoughts, as love the gloom of night,
I close examine by the light:
For who, though brib'd by gain to lie,
Dare sunbeam-written truths deny,
And execute plain common sense,
On faith's mere hearsay evidence?

That superstition mayn't create,
And club its ills with those of fate,
I many a notion take to task,
Made dreadful by its visor-mask,

Thus scruple, spasm of the mind,
Is cur'd, and certainty I find ;
Since optic reason shows me plain,
I dreaded spectres of the brain ;
And legendary fear are gone,
Though in tenacious childhood sown.
Thus in opinions I commence
Freeholder, in the proper sense,
And neither suit nor service do,
Nor homage to pretenders shew,
Who boast themselves, by spurious roll,
Lords of the manor of the soul ;
Preferring sense, from chin that's bare,
To nonsense thron'd in whisker'd hair
 ' To thee Creator uncreate,
O *Entium Ens!* divinely great !'——
Hold, Muse, nor melting pinions try,
Nor near the blazing glory fly ;
Nor, straining, break thy feeble bow,
Unfeather'd arrows far to throw
Through fields unknown, nor madly stray,
Where no ideas mark the way.
With tender eyes, and colours faint,
And trembling hands forbear to faint.
Who, features veil'd by light, can hit ?
Where can, what has no outline, sit
My soul, the vain attempt forego,
Thyself, the fitter subject know.
He wisely shuns the bold extreme,
Who soon lays by th' unequal theme,
Nor runs, with wisdom's sirens caught,
On quicksands swallowing shipwreck'd thought :
But, conscious of his distance, gives
Mute praise, and humble negatives.

In one, no object of our sight,
Immutable, and infinite
Who can't be cruel, or unjust,
Calm and resign'd, I fix my trust;
To him my past and present state
I owe, and must my future fate.
A stranger into life I'm come,
Dying may be our going home :
Transported here by angry fate,
The convicts of a prior state.
Hence, I no anxious thoughts bestow
On matters I can never know :
Through life's foul way, like vagrant, pass'd,
He'll grant a settlement at last ;
And with sweet ease the wearied crown,
By leave to lay his being down.
If doom'd to dance th' eternal round
Of life, no sooner lost but found,
And dissolution, soon to come,
Like sponge, wipes out life's present sum,
But can't our state of pow'r bereave
An endless series to receive ;
Then, if hard dealt with here by fate,
We balance in another state,
And consciousness must go along,
And sign th' acquittance for the wrong.
He for his creatures must decree
More happiness than misery.
Or be supposed to create,
Curious to try, what 'tis to hate :
And do an act, which rage infers,
'Cause lameness halts, or blindness errs.
Thus, thus I steer my bark, and sail
On even keel with gentle gale ;

Thus scruple, spasm of the mind,
Is cur'd, and certainty I find ;
Since optic reason shows me plain,
I dreaded spectres of the brain ;
And legendary fear are gone,
Though in tenacious childhood sown.
Thus in opinions I commence
Freeholder, in the proper sense,
And neither suit nor service do,
Nor homage to pretenders shew,
Who boast themselves, by spurious roll,
Lords of the manor of the soul ;
Preferring sense, from chin that's bare,
To nonsense thron'd in whisker'd hair
 'To thee Creator uncreate,
O *Entium Ens!* divinely great !"—
Hold, Muse, nor melting pinions try,
Nor near the blazing glory fly ;
Nor, straining, break thy feeble bow,
Unfeather'd arrows far to throw
Through fields unknown, nor madly stray,
Where no ideas mark the way.
With tender eyes, and colours faint,
And trembling hands forbear to faint.
Who, features veil'd by light, can hit ?
Where can, what has no outline, sit
My soul, the vain attempt forego,
Thyself, the fitter subject know.
He wisely shuns the bold extreme,
Who soon lays by th' unequal theme,
Nor runs, with wisdom's sirens caught,
On quicksands swallowing shipwreck'd thought :
But, conscious of his distance, gives
Mute praise, and humble negatives.

In one, no object of our sight,
Immutable, and infinite
Who can't be cruel, or unjust,
Calm and resign'd, I fix my trust;
To him my past and present state
I owe, and must my future fate.
A stranger into life I'm come,
Dying may be our going home :
Transported here by angry fate,
The convicts of a prior state.
Hence, I no anxious thoughts bestow
On matters I can never know :
Through life's foul way, like vagrant, pass'd,
He'll grant a settlement at last ;
And with sweet ease the wearied crown,
By leave to lay his being down.
If doom'd to dance th' eternal round
Of life, no sooner lost but found,
And dissolution, soon to come,
Like sponge, wipes out life's present sum,
But can't our state of pow'r bereave
An endless series to receive ;
Then, if hard dealt with here by fate,
We balance in another state,
And consciousness must go along,
And sign th' acquittance for the wrong.
He for his creatures must decree
More happiness than misery.
Or be supposed to create,
Curious to try, what 'tis to hate :
And do an act, which rage infers,
'Cause lameness halts, or blindness errs.
Thus, thus I steer my bark, and sail
On even keel with gentle gale ;

At helm I make my reason sit,
My crew of passions all submit.
If dark and blustering prove some nights,
Philosophy puts forth her lights,
Experience holds the cautious glass,
To shun the breakers, as I pass,
And frequent throws the wary lead,
To see what dangers may be hid :
And once in seven years I'm seen
At Bath or Tunbridge, to careen.
Though pleas'd to see the dolphins play,
I mind my compass and my way :
With store sufficient for relief,
And wisely still prepar'd to reef,
Nor wanting the dispersive bowl
Of cloudy weather in the soul,
I make (may Heaven propitious send
Such wind and weather to the end !)
Neither becalm'd, nor over-blown,
Life's voyage to the world unknown. *Green.*

THE TRAVELLER : OR, A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY

Inscribed to the Rev. H. Goldsmith.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po ;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door ;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies ;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee :

Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend ;
Bless'd be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire ;
Bless'd that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair ;
Bless'd be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale ;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wand'ring spent and care ;
Impell'd with steps unceasing to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view ;
That, like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies ;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend ;
And plac'd on high, above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear ;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine ?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain ?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man ;

And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind. [crown'd,
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendour
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round,
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale,
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale,
For me your tributary stores combine ;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine !

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er ;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still ;
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that Heav'n to man supplies
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small ;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest
May gather bliss, to see my fellows bless'd.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know ?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own ;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease :
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,

Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind :
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call ;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side ;
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks, by custom, turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent ;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content :
Yet these each other's pow'r so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign contentment fails ;
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails ;
Hence every state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone :
Each to the favourite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends ;
Till carried to excess in each domain,
This favourite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies :
Here for awhile, my proper cares resign'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind ;
Like yon neglected shrub, at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends :
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride ;
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between
With memorable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely bless'd.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground ;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year :
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives, that blossom but to die ;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil ;
While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign ;
Though poor, luxurious ; though submissive, vain ;
Though grave, yet trifling ; zealous, yet untrue ;
And e'en in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind ;
For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the
At her command the palace learn'd to rise, [state ;
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies ;
The canvass glow'd, beyond e'en Nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form :
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail ;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave :
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph, and the cavalcade:
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child:
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long controul,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind,
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time, and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul turn from them, turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansions tread
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread;
No product here the barren hills afford
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword:
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, e'en here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast though
He sees his little lot the lot of all; [small,

Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed ;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loath his vegetable meal ;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breasts the keen air, and carols as he goes ;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his venturous ploughshare to the steep,
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed ;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His childrens looks, that brighten at the blaze ;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board :
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus ev'ry good his native wilds impart
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart ;
And ev'n those hills, that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies :
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms ;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd ;
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
Yet let them only share the praises due,
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few ;

For every want that stimulates the breast
Becomes a source of pleasure when redress'd :
Whence from such lands each pleasing science
That first excites desire and then supplies ; [flies,
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy ;
Unknown those pow'rs that raise the soul to flame .
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame
Their level life is but a smouldering fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire ;
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess, the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow ;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low ;
For as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unalter'd, unimprov'd the manners run ;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest :
But all the gentler morals, such as play [way ;
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the
These, far dispers'd on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn ; and France displays her bright domain :
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease ;
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmuring Loire !
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave the zephyr flew :

And haply, though my harsh touch, faltering still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wondrous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.

Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.
So bless'd a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those hearts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here:
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or ev'n imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts, in splendid traffic round the land:
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming bless'd, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd or warmly sought,
~~Enfeebles~~ all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest'd,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of freize with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land,
And sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore :
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile ;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth im-
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts ; [parts
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
E'en liberty itself is barter'd here.

At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys ;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And, calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heav'ns ! how unlike their Belgic sires of old
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold ;

War in each breast, and freedom on each brow ;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now !

Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring ;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide ;
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray ;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,
Extremes are only in the master's mind ;
Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great :
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of humankind pass by ;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand
Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above controul,
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here.
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear ;
Too bless'd indeed were such without alloy,
But foster'd e'en by freedom ills annoy ;
That independance Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie ;
The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown ;
Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd ;
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore
The over-wrought the general system feels
Its motions stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to thee alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when stripp'd of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote, for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great;
Ye pow'rs of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire!
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flow'r, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favour's fostering sun;
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure!
I only would repress them to secure;
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

Oh then how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warms:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal pow'r to stretch their own;

When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free,
Each wanton judge, new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation, start,
Tear off reserve, and bear my swelling heart;
Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal pow'r;
And thus, polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchang'd for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers brightning as they waste?
Seen opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern depopulation in her train,
And over fields where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall?
Behold the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forc'd from their homes a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main;
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara atuns with thundering sound?

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dang'rous
ways;

Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim;

There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind.
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure!
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown*, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from pow'r but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

Goldsmith.

* In the *Respublica Hungaria* there is an account of a desperate rebellion in the year 1514, headed by two brothers, George and Luke Zeck. When it was quelled, *George*, not *Luke*, was punished by his head being encircled with a red-hot iron crown. Mr. Boswell pointed out Goldsmith's mistake.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

**SWEET Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring
swain,**

**Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delay'd :
Dear lovely bow'rs of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please :
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene !
How often have I paus'd on every charm
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topp'd the neighbouring
hill,**

**The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made !
How often have I bless'd the coming day,
When toil remitting, lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree :
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd ;
And many a gambol frolic'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd ;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down ;
The swain mistrustless of his smutt'd face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place ;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove ;**

These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like
these,

With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please;
These round thy bow'rs their cheerful influence
shed, [fled.

These were thy charms—but all these charms are

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bow'rs the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage tints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But chok'd with sedges works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bow'rs in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay;
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more;
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd ; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain ;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose ;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful
scene,

Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green ;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn ! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's pow'r.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down ;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose :
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learn'd skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations pass'd,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O bless'd retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How happy he who crowns in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease:
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend,
Bends to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way;
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His Heav'n commences ere the world be pass'd!

Sweet was the sound, when of that evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I pass'd with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering
wind,

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
For all the blooming flush of life is fled:
All but yon widow'd solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;

But in his duty prompt, at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all :
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd;
The reverend champion stood. At his controul,
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray
The service pass'd, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran :
E'en children follow'd, with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's
smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd :

To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were giv'n,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heav'n,
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are
Eternal sunshine settles on its head. [spread,

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school :

A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew ;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd ;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault ;
The village all declar'd how much he knew ;
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage
And e'en the story ran that he could guage :
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For e'en though vanquish'd he could argue still ;
While words of learned length and thundering
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around ; [sound,
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But pass'd is all his fame : the very spot,
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draught
inspir'd,

Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,

And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place ;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door :

The chest contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose:
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flowers, and fennel, gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendours! could not all
Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall!
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be press'd,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;

And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy ?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen, who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.

Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore ;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.

Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.

Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied ;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds ;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their
His seat, where solitary sports are seen, [growth ;
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green ;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies :
While thus the land, adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes ;
But when those charms are pass'd, for charms are
When time advances, and when lovers fail, [frail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress :
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd ;

But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise ;
While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land
The mournful peasant leads his humble band ;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where, then, ah ! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride ?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And ev'n the bare-worn common is denied.

If to the city sped—What waits him there ?
To see profusion that he must not share ;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind ;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ; [play,
Here, while the proud their long drawn pomps dis-
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way ;
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train ;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy !
Sure these denote one universal joy ! [eyes
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies :
She once, perhaps, in village plenty bless'd,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress'd ;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn ;

Now lost to all ; her friends, her virtue, fled,
Near her betrayer's door she lays her head, [show'r,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain? [train,
E'en now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud mens' doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
'Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore ;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day ;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling ; [crown'd,
Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance
Where the dark scorpion gathers death around :
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake ;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men more murderous still than they ;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far different these from every former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love. [day,

Good Heav'n ! what torrows gloom'd that parting
That called them from their native walks away ;

When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
Hung round the bow'rs, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main ;
And, shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.
The good old sire the first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others' woe ;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his helpless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms,
With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
And bless'd the cot where every pleasure rose ;
And kiss'd her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close, in sorrow doubly dear ;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury ! thou curs'd by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee !
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy !
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own :
At every drought more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe :
Till sapp'd their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

E'en now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done ;
E'en now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.

Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with ev'ry gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there ;
And piety with wishes plac'd above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.

And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade !
Unfit, in these degenerate times of shame,
To catch the heart, or strike for honest shame,
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride ;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so ;
Thou guide, by which the nobler hearts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well.
Farewell : and oh ! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of the inclement clime :
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain ;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain ;
Teach him, that states of native strength possess'd,
Though very poor, may still be very bless'd ;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away ;
While self-dependent pow'r can time defy
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

Goldsmith.

THE HERMIT OF WAREWORTH: A NORTHUM-
BERLAND BALLAD.

DARK was the night, and wild the storm,
And loud the torrent's roar;
And loud the sea was heard to dash
Against the distant shore.

Musing on man's weak hapless state,
The lonely Hermit lay;
When lo! he heard a female voice
Lament in sore dismay.

With hospitable haste he rose,
And wak'd his sleeping fire;
And, snatching up a lighted brand,
Forth hied the reverend sire.

All sad beneath a neighbouring tree
A beauteous maid he found,
Who beat her breast, and with her tears
Bedew'd the mossy ground.

' O weep not, lady, weep not so;
Nor let vain fears alarm;
My little cell shall shelter thee,
And keep thee safe from harm.'

' It is not for myself I weep,
Nor for myself I fear;
But for my dear and only friend,
Who lately left me here:

‘ And while some sheltering bower he sought
Within this lonely wood,
Ah ! sore I fear his wandering feet
Have slipp’d in yonder flood.’

‘ Oh ! trust in Heaven,’ the Hermit said,
‘ And to my cell repair ;
Doubt not but I shall find thy friend,
And ease thee of thy care.’

Then climbing up his rocky stairs,
He scales the cliff so high ;
And calls aloud, and waves his light
To guide the stranger’s eye.

Among the thickets long he winds,
With careful steps and slow :
At length a voice return’d his call,
Quick answering from below :

‘ O tell me, father, tell me true,
If you have chanc’d to see
A gentle maid, I lately left
Beneath some neighbouring tree :

But either I have lost the place,
Or she hath gone astray :
And much I fear this fatal stream
Hath snatch’d her hence away.’

‘ Praise Heaven, my son,’ the Hermit said ;
‘ The lady’s safe and well :’
And soon he join’d the wandering vouth,
And brought him to his cell

Then well was seen these gentle friends,
They lov'd each other dear :
The youth, he press'd her to his heart ;
The maid let fall a tear

Ah ! seldom had their host, I ween,
Beheld so sweet a pair :
The youth was tall, with manly bloom ;
She slender, soft, and fair.

The youth was clad in forest green,
With bugle horn so bright :
She in a silken robe and scarf,
Snatch'd up in hasty flight.

' Sit down, my children,' says the Sage ;
' Sweet rest your limbs require :'
Then heaps fresh fuel on the hearth,
And mends his little fire.

' Partake,' he said, ' my simple store,
Dried fruits, and milk, and curds ;'
And spreading all upon the board,
Invites with kindly words.

' Thanks, father, for the bounteous fare ;'
The youthful couple say :
Then freely ate, and made good cheer,
And talk'd their cares away.

' Now say, my children, (for perchance
My counsel may avail)
What strange adventure brought you here
Within this lonely dale ?'

‘ First tell me, father,’ said the youth,
 (Nor blame mine eager tongue)
‘ What town is near? What lands are these?
 And to what lord belong?’

‘ Alas! my son,’ the Hermit said,
 ‘ Why do I live to say,
The rightful lord of these domains
 Is banish’d far away?’

‘ Ten winters now have shed their snows
 On this my lowly hall,
Since valiant Hotspur (so the North
 Our youthful lord did call)

‘ Against Fourth Henry Bolingbroke
 Led up his northern powers,
And, stoutly fighting lost his life
 Near proud Salopia’s towers.

‘ One son he left, a lovely boy,
 His country’s hope and heir ;
And, oh! to save him from his foes
 It was his grandsire’s care.

‘ In Scotland safe he plac’d the child
 Beyond the reach of strife,
Nor long before the brave old earl
 At Bramham lost his life.

‘ And now the Percy name, so long
 Our northern pride and boast,
Lies hid, alas! beneath a cloud ;
 Their honours reft and lost.

- ‘ No chieftain of that noble house
Now leads our youth to arms ;
The bordering Scots despoil our fields,
And ravage all our farms.
- ‘ Their halls and castles, once so fair,
Now moulder in decay ;
Proud strangers now usurp their lands,
And bear their wealth away.
- ‘ Nor far from hence, where yon full stream
Runs winding down the lea,
Fair Warkworth lifts her lofty towers,
And overlooks the sea.
- ‘ Those towers, alas ! now lie forlorn,
With noisome weeds o’erspread,
Where feasted lords and courtly dames,
And where the poor were fed.
- ‘ Meantime far off, mid Scottish hills,
The Percy lives unknown :
On stranger’s bounty he depends,
And may not claim his own.
- ‘ O might I with these aged eyes
But live to see him here,
Then should my soul depart in bliss !’
He said, and dropp’d a tear.
- ‘ And is the Percy still so lov’d
Of all his friends and thee ?
Then bless me, father,’ said the youth,
‘ For I, thy guest, am he.’

Silent he gaz'd, then turn'd aside
To wipe the tears he shed ;
And lifting up his hands and eyes,
Pour'd blessings on his head :

' Welcome, our dear and much-lov'd lord,
Thy country's hope and care :
But who may this young lady be,
That is so wondrous fair ?'

' Now, father ! listen to my tale,
And thou shalt know the truth :
And let thy sage advice direct
My unexperienc'd youth.

' In Scotland I've been nobly bred
Beneath the regent's hand*,
In feats of arms, and every lore
To fit me for command.

' With fond impatience long I burn'd
My native land to see :
At length I won my guardian friend,
To yield that boon to me.

' Then up and down in hunter's garb
I wander'd as in chase,
Till in the noble Neville's house†
I gain'd a hunter's place.

* Robert Stuart, duke of Albany. See the continuator of Fordun's *Scoti-Chronicon*, cap. 18, 23, &c.

† Ralph Neville, first earl of Westmoreland, whose principal residence was at Faby Castle, in the bishopric of

‘ Sometime with him I liv’d unknown,
Till I’d the hap so rare,
To please this young and gentle dame,
That baron’s daughter fair.’

‘ Now, Percy,’ said the blushing maid,
‘ The truth I must reveal ;
Souls great and generous, like to thine,
Their noble deeds conceal.

‘ It happen’d on a summer’s day,
Led by the fragrant breeze,
I wander’d forth to take the air
Among the greenwood trees.

‘ Sudden a band of rugged Scots,
That near in ambush lay,
Moss-troopers from the border side,
There seiz’d me for their prey.

‘ My shrieks had all been spent in vain,
But Heaven, that saw my grief,
Brought this brave youth within my call,
Who flew to my relief.

‘ With nothing but his hunting spear,
And dagger in his hand,
He sprung like lightning on my foes,
And caus’d them soon to stand.

He fought, till more assistance came ;
The Scots were overthrown ;
Thus freed me, captive, from their bands
To make me more his own.

‘ O happy day!’ the youth replied :

‘ Bless’d were the wounds I bare !

From that fond hour she deign’d to smile,
And listen to my prayer.

‘ And when she knew my name and birth,
She vow’d to be my bride ;

But oh ! we fear’d, (alas the while !)
Her princely mother’s pride :

‘ Sister of haughty Bolingbroke*,

Our house’s ancient foe,

To me, I thought, a banish’d wight,
Could ne’er such favour show.

‘ Despairing then to gain consent,
At length to fly with me

I won this lovely timorous maid ;
To Scotland bound are we.

‘ This evening, as the night drew on,
Fearing we were pursued,

We turn’d adown the right-hand path,
And gain’d this lonely wood :

‘ Then lighting from our weary steeds

To shun the pelting shower,

We met thy kind conducting hand,
And reach’d this friendly bower.’

* Joan, Countess of Westmoreland, mother of the young lady, was daughter of John of Gaunt, and half-sister of king Henry IV.

‘ Now rest ye both,’ the Hermit said ;
‘ Awhile your cares forego :
Nor, lady, scorn my humble bed ;
—— We’ll pass the night below*’

Lovely smil’d the blushing morn,
And every storm was fled :
But lovelier far, with sweeter smile,
Fair Elcanor left her bed.

She found her Henry all alone,
And cheer’d him with her sight ;
The youth consulting with his friend
Had watch’d the livelong night.

What sweet surprise o’erpower’d her breast,
Her cheek what blushes dyed,
When fondly he besought her there
To yield to be his bride !—

‘ Within this lonely hermitage
There is a chapel meet :
Then grant, dear maid, my fond request,
And make my bliss complete.’

‘ O Henry ! when thou deign’st to sue,
Can I thy suit withstand ;
When thou, lov’d youth, hast won my heart,
Can I refuse my hand ?

* Adjoining to the cliff, which contains the chapel of the hermitage, are the remains of a small building in which the Hermit dwelt. This consisted of one lower apartment, with a little bed-chamber over it, and is now in ruins : whereas the chapel cut in the solid rock, is still very entire and perfect.

‘ For thee I left a father’s smiles,
And mother’s tender care ;
And, whether weal or woe betide,
Thy lot I mean to share.’

‘ And wilt thou then, O generous maid !
Such matchless favour show,
To share with me, a banish’d wight,
My peril, pain, or woe ?

‘ Now Heaven, I trust, hath joys in store
To crown thy constant breast :
For, know, fond hope assures my heart
That we shall soon be bless’d.

‘ Not far from hence stands Coquet Isle,
Surrounded by the sea ;
There dwells a holy friar, well known
To all thy friends and thee* :

‘ ’Tis father Bernard so rever’d
For every worthy deed ;
To Raby Castle he shall go,
And for us kindly plead.

‘ To fetch this good and holy man
Our reverend host is gone ;
And soon, I trust, his pious hands
Will join us both in one.’

* In the little island of Coquet, near Warkworth, are still seen the ruins of a cell, which belonged to the Benedictine monks of Tinemouth Abbey.

Thus they in sweet and tender talk
The lingering hours beguile :
At length they see the hoary sage
Come from the neighbouring isle.

With pious joy and wonder mix'd
He greets the noble pair,
And glad consents to join their hands
With many a fervent prayer.

Then straight to Raby's distant walls
He kindly wends his way ;
Meantime in love and dalliance sweet
They spend the livelong day.

And now, attended by their host,
The hermitage they view'd,
Deep-hewn within a craggy cliff,
And overhung with wood.

And near a flight of shapely steps,
All cut with nicest skill,
And piercing through a stony arch,
Ran winding up the hill.

There deck'd with many a flower and herb
His little garden stands ;
With fruitful trees in shady rows,
All planted by his hands

Then, scoop'd within the solid rock,
Three sacred vaults he shows :
The chief a chapel neatly arch'd,
On branching columns rose.

Each proper ornament was there,
That should a chapel grace ;
The lattice for confession fram'd,
And holy-water vase.

O'er either door a sacred text
Invites to godly fear ;
And in a little scutcheon hung
The cross, and crown, and spear

Up to the altar's ample breadth
Two easy steps ascend ;
And near a glimmering solemn light
Two well-wrought windows lend.

Beside the altar rose a tomb
All in the living stone ;
On which a young and beauteous maid
In goodly sculpture shone.

A kneeling angel fairly carv'd
Lean'd hovering o'er her breast ;
A weeping warrior at her feet ;
And near to these her crest*.

The cliff, the vault, but chief the tomb,
Attract the wondering pair :
Eager they ask, ' What hapless dame
Lies sculptur'd here so fair ?'

* This is a bull's head, the crest of the Widdrington family.
All the figures, &c. here described are still visible ; only
somewhat effaced with the length of time.

The Hermit sigh'd, the Hermit wept,
For sorrow scarce could speak ;
At length he wip'd the trickling tears
That all-bedewed his cheek :

' Alas ! my children, human life
Is but a vale of woe ;
And very mournful is the tale
Which ye so fain would know.

THE HERMIT'S TALE.

' Young lord, thy grandsire had a friend
In days of youthful fame ;
Yon distant hills were his domains,
Sir Bertram was his name.

' Where'er the noble Percy fought
His friend was at his side :
And many a skirmish with the Scots
Their early valour tried.

' Young Bertram lov'd a beauteous maid,
As fair as fair might be ;
The dew-drop on the lily's cheek
Was not so fair as she.

' Fair Widdrington the maiden's name,
Yon towers her dwelling-place* ;
Her sire an old Northumbrian chief,
Devoted to thy race.

* Widdrington castle is about five miles south of Wark worth.

‘ Many a lord, and many a knight,
To this fair damsel came ;
But Bertræm was her only choice ;
For him she felt a flame.

‘ Lord Percy pleaded for his friend,
Her father soon consents ;
None but the beauteous maid herself
His wishes now prevents.

‘ But she with studied fond delays
Defers the blissful hour ;
And loves to try his constancy,
And prove her maiden power.

‘ “ That heart,” she said, “ is lightly priz’d
Which is too lightly won ;
And long shall rue that easy maid,
Who yields her love too soon.”

‘ Lord Percy made a solemn feast
In Alnwick’s princely hall ;
And there came lords, and there came knights,
His chiefs and barons all.

‘ With wassal mirth and revelry
The castle rung around :
Lord Percy called for song and harp,
And pipes of martial sound.

‘ The minstrels of thy noble house,
All clad in robes of blue,
With silver crescents on their arms.
Attend in order due.

‘ The great achievements of thy race’
They sung: their high command:
How valiant Mainfred o’er the seas
First led his northern band*.

‘ Brave Galfred next to Normandy
With venturous Rollo came;
And, from his Norman castles won,
Assum’d the Percy name†.

‘ They sung, how in the Conqueror’s fleet
Lord William shipp’d his powers,
And gain’d a fair young Saxon bride
With all her lands and towers‡.

‘ Then journeying to the Holy Land,
There bravely fought and died:
But first the silver crescent won,
Some paynim Soldan’s pride.

* See Dugdale’s *Baronage*, &c.

† In Lower Normandy are three places of the name of Percy: whence the family took the surname de Percy.

‡ William de Percy (fifth in descent from Galfred, or Geoffrey de Percy, son of Mainfred), assisted in the conquest of England, and had given him the large possessions in Yorkshire, of Emma de Porte (so the Norman writers name her), whose father, a great Saxon lord, had been slain fighting along with Harold. This young lady, William, from a principle of honour and generosity, married: for, having had all her lands bestowed upon him by the Conqueror, ‘ he (to use the words of the Old Whitby Chronicle) wedded hyr that was very heire to them, in discharging of his conscience.’ See Harl. MSS. 692. (26).—He died in Asia, in the first Crusade.

‘They sung how Agnes, beauteous heir,
The queen’s own brother wed,
Lord Josceline, sprung from Charlemagne,
In princely Brabant bred*.

‘ How æ the Percy name reviv’d,
And how his noble line
Still foremost in their country’s cause
With godlike ardour shine.

‘ With loud acclaims the listening crowd
Applaud the master’s song,
And deeds of arms and war became
The theme of every tongue.

‘ Now high heroic acts they tell,
Their perils past recall:
When, lo ! a damsel young and fair
Stepp’d forward through the hall.

‘ She Bertram courteously address’d ;
And, kneeling on her knee,
“ Sir knight, the lady of thy love
Hath sent this gift to thee.”

‘ Then forth she drew a glittering helm
Well-plated many a fold,
The casque was wrought of temper’d steel,
The crest of burnish’d gold.

* Agnes de Percy, sole heiress of her house, married Josceline de Lovian, youngest son of Godfrey Barbatus, duke of Brabant, and brother of queen Adeliza, second wife of king Henry I. He took the name of Percy, and was ancestor of the earls of Northumberland. His son, lord Richard de Percy, was one of the twenty five barons chosen to see the Magna Charta duly observed.

‘ “Sir knight, thy lady sends thee this,
And yields to be thy bride,
When thou hast prov’d this maiden gift
Where sharpest blows are try’d.”

‘ Young Bertram took the shining helm,
And thrice he kiss’d the same:
“Trust me, I’ll prove this precious casque
With deeds of noblest fame.”

‘ Lord Percy, and his barons bold,
Then fix upon a day
To scour the marshes, late oppress’d,
And Scottish wrongs repay.

‘ The knights assembled on the hills
A thousand horse and more:
Brave Widdrington, though sunk in years,
The Percy-standard bore.

‘ Tweed’s limpid current soon they pass,
And range the borders round:
Down the green slopes of Tiviotdale
Their bugle-horns resound.

‘ As when a lion in his den
Hath heard the hunter’s cries,
And rushes forth to meet his foes;
So did the Douglas rise.

‘ Attendant on their chief’s command
A thousand warriors wait:
And now the fatal hour drew on
Of cruel keen debate.

‘ A chosen troop of Scottish youths
Advance before the rest ;
Lord Percy mark’d their gallant mien,
And thus his friend address’d :

‘ “ Now, Bertram, prove thy lady’s helm,
Attack yon forward band ;
Dead or alive I’ll rescue thee,
Or perish by their hand.”

‘ Young Bertram bow’d, with glad assent,
And spurr’d his eager steed,
And calling on his lady’s name,
Rush’d forth with whirlwind speed.

‘ As when a grove of sapling oaks
The livid lightning rends ;
So fiercely mid opposing ranks
Sir Bertram’s sword descends.

‘ This way and that he drives the steel,
And keenly pierces through ;
And many a tall and comely knight
With furious force he slew.

‘ Now closing fast on every side
They hem sir Bertram round :
But dauntless he repels their rage,
And deals forth many a wound.

‘ The vigour of his single arm
Had well-nigh won the field ;
When ponderous fell a Scottish axe
And clave his lifted shield

‘ Another blow his temples took,
And reft his helm in twain ;
That beauteous helm, his lady’s gift !
——His blood bedew’d the plain.

‘ Lord Percy saw his champion fall
Amid th’ unequal fight ;
“ And now, my noble friends,” he said,
‘ Let’s save this gallant knight.”

‘ Then rushing in with stretch’d-out shield,
He o’er the warrior hung ;
As some fierce eagle spreads her wing
To guard her callow young.

‘ Three times they strove to seize their prey,
Three times they quick retire :
What force could stand his furious strokes,
Or meet his martial fire ?

‘ Now gathering round on every part
The battle rag’d amain ;
And many a lady wept her lord
That hour untimely slain.

‘ Percy and Douglas, great in arms,
There all their courage show’d ;
And all the field was strew’d with dead,
And all with crimson flow’d.

‘ At length the glory of the day
The Scots reluctant yield,
And, after wondrous valour shown.
They slowly quit the field

‘ All pale extended on their shields,
And weltering in his gore,
Lord Percy’s knights their bleeding friend
To Wark’s fair castle bore.

‘ “ Well hast thou earn’d my daughter’s love ;”
Her father kindly said ;
“ And she herself shall dress thy wounds,
And tend thee in thy bed.”

‘ A message went, no daughter came,
Fair Isabel ne’er appears ;
“ Beshrew me,” said the aged chief,
“ Young maidens have their fears.

‘ “ Cheer up, my son, thou shalt her see
So soon as thou canst ride ;
And she shall nurse thee in her bower,
And she shall be thy bride.”

‘ Sir Bertram, at her name reviv’d,
He bless’d the soothing sound ;
Fond hope supplied the nurse’s care,
And heal’d his ghastly wound.

Note. Wark castle, a fortress belonging to the English, and of great note in ancient times, stood on the southern bank of the river Tweed, a little to the east of Tiviotdale, and not far from Kelso. It is now entirely destroyed.

PART III.

‘ ONE early morn, while dewy drops
Hung trembling on the tree,
Sir Bertram from his sick-bed rose,
His bride he would go see.

‘ A brother he had in prime of youth
Of courage firm and keen ;
And he would tend him on the way
Because his wounds were green.

‘ All day o’er moss and moor they rode,
By many a lonely tower ;
And ’twas the dew-fall of the night
Ere they drew near her bower.

‘ Most drear and dark the castle seem’d,
That wont to shine so bright ;
And long and loud sir Bertram call’d
Ere he beheld a light.

‘ At length her aged nurse arose
With voice so shrill and clear :
“ What wight is this, that calls so loud,
And knocks so boldly here ?”

‘ “ ’ Tis Bertram calls, thy lady’s love,
Come from his bed of care :
All day I’ve ridden o’er moor and moss
To see thy lady fair.”

‘ “ Now out alas !” she loudly shriek’d
“ Alas ! how may this be ?
For six long days are gone and pass’d
Since she set out to thee.”

‘ Sad terrour seiz’d sir Bertram’s heart,
And oft he deeply sigh’d ;
When now the drawbridge was let down,
And gates set open wide.

‘ “ Six days, young knight, are pass’d and gone,
Since she set out to thee ;
And sure if no sad harm had happ’d
Long since thou wouldst her see.

‘ “ For when she heard thy grievous chance,
She tore her hair, and cried,
Alas ! I’ve slain the comeliest knight,
All through my folly and pride !

‘ ‘ And now to atone for my sad fault,
And his dear health regain,
I’ll go myself, and nurse my love,
And sooth his bed of pain.

‘ “ Then mounted she her milk-white steed
One morn at break of day ;
And two tall yeomen went with her
To guard her on the way.”

‘ Sad terrour smote sir Bertram’s heart,
And grief o’erwhelm’d his mind :
“ Trust me,” said he, “ I ne’er will rest
Till I thy lady find.”

‘ That night he spent in sorrow and care ;
And with sad-boding heart
Or ever the dawning of the day
His brother and he depart.

‘ “ Now, brother, we’ll our ways divide,
O’er Scottish hills to range ;
Do thou go north, and I’ll go west ;
And all our dress we’ll change.

‘ “ Some Scottish carle hath seiz’d my love,
And borne her to his den ;
And ne’er will I tread English ground
Till she’s restor’d again.”

‘ The brothers straight their paths divide,
O’er Scottish hills to range ;
And hide themselves in quaint disguise,
And oft their dress they change.

‘ Sir Bertram clad in gown of grey,
Most like a palmer poor,
To halls and castles wanders round,
And begs from door to door.

‘ Sometimes a minstrel’s garb he wears,
With pipes so sweet and shrill ;
And wends to every tower and town ;
O’er every dale and hill.

‘ One day as he sate under a thorn
All sunk in deep despair,
And aged pilgrim pass’d him by,
Who mark’d his face of care.

‘ “ All minstrels yet that ever I saw,
Are full of game and glee :
But thou art sad and woe-begone !
I marvel whence it be !”

‘ “ Father, I serve an aged lord,
Whose grief afflicts my mind ;
His only child is stol’n away,
And fain I would her find.”

‘ “ Cheer up, my son ; perchance,” he said,
“ Some tidings I may bear:
For oft when human hopes have fail’d,
Then heavenly comfort’s near.

‘ “ Behind yon hills so steep and high,
Down in the lowly glen,
There stands a castle fair and strong,
Far from th’ abode of men.

‘ “ As late I chanc’d to crave an alms,
About this evening hour,
Methought I heard a lady’s voice
Lamenting in the tower.

‘ “ And when I ask’d, what harm had hap’d,
What lady sick there lay ?
They rudely drove me from the gate,
And bade me wend away.”

‘ These tidings caught sir Bertram’s ear,
He thank’d him for his tale ;
And soon he hasted o’er the hills,
And soon he reach’d the vale.

‘ Then drawing near those lonely towers,
Which stood in dale so low,
And sitting down beside the gate,
His pipes he ’gan to blow.

‘ “ Sir porter, is thy lord at home
To hear a minstrel’s song?
Or may I crave a lodging here,
Without offence or wrong?”

‘ “ My lord,” he said, “ is not at home
To hear a minstrel’s song :
And should I lend thee lodging here
My life would not be long.”

‘ He play’d again so soft a strain,
Such power sweet sounds impart,
He won the churlish porter’s ear,
And moved his stubborn heart.

‘ “ Minstrel,” he said, “ thou play’st so sweet,
Fair entrance thou shouldst win ;
But, alas ! I’m sworn upon the rood
To let no stranger in.

‘ “ Yet, minstrel, in yon rising cliff
Thou’lt find a sheltering cave ;
And here thou shalt my supper share,
And there thy lodging have.”

‘ All day he sits beside the gate,
And pipes both loud and clear :
All night he watches round the walls,
In hopes his love to hear.

‘ The first night, as he silent watch’d,
All at the midnight hour,
He plainly heard his lady’s voice
Lamenting in the tower.

' The second night the Moon shone clear,
And gilt the spangled dew,
He saw his lady through the grate
But 'twas a transient view.

' The third night, wearied out, he slept
Till near the morning tide ;
When starting up, he seiz'd his sword,
And to the castle hied.

' When lo ! he saw a ladder of ropes
Depending from the wall ;
And o'er the moat was newly laid
A poplar strong and tall.

' And soon he saw his love descend,
Wrapp'd in a Tartan plaid ;
Assisted by a sturdy youth
In Highland garb y-clad.

' Amaz'd, confounded at the sight,
He lay unseen and still ;
And soon he saw them cross the stream,
And mount the neighbouring hill.

' Unheard, unknown of all within,
The youthful couple fly,
But what can 'scape the lover's ken ?
Or shun his piercing eye ?

' With silent step he follows close
Behind the flying pair,
And saw her hang upon his arm
With fond familiar air.

“ Thanks, gentle youth,” she often said ;

“ My thanks thou well hast won :

For me what wiles hast thou contriv’d !

For me what dangers run !

“ And ever shall my grateful heart

Thy services repay :”—

Sir Bertram could no further hear,

But cried, “ Vile traitor, stay !

“ Vile traitor ! yield that lady up !”—

And quick his sword he drew.

The stranger turn’d in sudden rage,

And at sir Bertram flew.

‘ With mortal hate their vigorous arms

Gave many a vengeful blow !

But Bertram’s stronger hand prevail’d,

And laid the stranger low.

“ Die, traitor, die !”—A deadly thrust

Attends each furious word.

Ah ! then fair Isabel knew his voice,

And rush’d beneath his sword.

“ O stop,” she cried, “ O stop thy arm !

Thou dost thy brother slay !”—

And here the Hermit paus’d and wept :

His tongue no more could say.

At length he cried, ‘ Ye lovely pair,

How shall I tell the rest ?

Ere I could stop my piercing sword,

It fell, and stabb’d her breast.’

‘ Wert thou thyself that hapless youth?

Ah! cruel fate!’ they said.

The Hermit wept, and so did they :

They sigh’d ; he hung his head.

‘ O blind and jealous rage !’ he cried,

‘ What evils from thee flow ?’

The Hermit paus’d : they silent mourn’d :

He wept, and they were woe.

‘ Ah ! when I heard my brother’s name,

And saw my lady bleed,

I rav’d, I wept, I curs’d my arm,

That wrought the fatal deed.

‘ In vain I clasp’d her to my breast,

And clos’d the ghastly wound ;

In vain I press’d his bleeding corpse,

And rais’d it from the ground.

‘ My brother, alas ! spake never more,

His precious life was flown.

She kindly strove to soothe my pain,

Regardless of her own.

‘ “ Bertram,” she said, “ be comforted,

And live to think on me :

May we in Heaven that union prove,

Which here was not to be !

‘ “ Bertram,” she said, “ I still was true ;

Thou only hadst my heart :

May we hereafter meet in bliss !

We now, alas ! must part.

“ For thee I left my father’s hall,
And flew to thy relief,
When lo! near Chiviot’s fatal hills
I met a Scottish chief,

“ Lord Malcolm’s son, whose proffer’d love
I had refus’d with scorn;
He slew my guards, and seiz’d on me
Upon that fatal morn :

“ And in these dreary hated walls
He kept me close confin’d ;
And fondly sued, and warmly press’d
To win me to his mind.

“ Each rising morn increas’d my pain,
Each night increas’d my fear ;
When wandering in this northern garb
Thy brother found me here.

“ He quickly form’d this brave design
To set me captive free ;
And on the moor his horses wait
Tied to a neighbouring tree.

“ Then haste, my love, escape away,
And for thyself provide ;
And sometime fondly think on her,
Who should have been thy bride !”

“ Thus pouring comfort on my soul
E’en with her latest breath,
She gave one parting fond embrace
And clos’d her eyes in death.

‘ In wild amaze, in speechless woe,
Devoid of sense I lay ;
Then sudden all in frantic mood
I meant myself to slay :

‘ And rising up in furious haste
I seiz’d the bloody brand* :
A sturdy arm here interpos’d,
And wrench’d it from my hand.

‘ A crowd, that from the castle came,
Had miss’d their lovely ward ;
And seizing me to prison bare,
And deep in dungeon barr’d.

‘ It chanc’d that on that very morn
Their chief was prisoner ta’en :
Lord Percy had us soon exchang’d,
And strove to soothe my pain.

‘ And soon those honour’d dear remains
To England were convey’d ;
And there within their silent tombs,
With holy rites were laid.

‘ For me, I loath’d my wretched life,
And oft to end it sought ;
Till time, and thought, and holy men,
Had better counsels taught.

‘ They rais’d my heart to that pure source
Whence heavenly comfort flows :
They taught me to despise the world,
And calmly bear its woes.

* i. e. sword.

‘ No more the slave of human pride,
Vain hope, and sordid care ;
I meekly vow’d to spend my life
In penitence and prayer.

‘ The bold sir Bertram now no more,
Impetuous, haughty, wild ;
But poor and humble Benedict,
Now lowly, patient, mild :

‘ My lands I gave to feed the poor
And sacred altars raise ;
And here a lonely anchorite
I came to end my days

‘ This sweet sequester’d vale I chose,
These rocks and hanging grove ;
For oft beside this murmuring stream
My love was want to rove.

‘ My noble friend approv’d my choice ;
This bless’d retreat he gave :
And here I carv’d her beauteous form,
And scoop’d this holy cave.

‘ Full fifty winters, all forlorn,
My life I’ve linger’d here ;
And daily o’er this sculptured saint
I drop the pensive tear

‘ And thou, dear brother of my heart !
So faithful and so true,
Then sad remembrance of thy fate
Still makes my bosom rue !

‘ Yet not unpitied pass’d my life,
Forsaken, or forgot,
The Percy, and his noble son
Would grace my lowly cot.

‘ Oft the great earl from toils of state,
And cumbrous pomp of power,
Would gladly seek my little cell
To spend the tranquil hour.

‘ But length of life is length of woe!
I liv’d to mourn his fall:
I liv’d to mourn his godlike son*,
Their friends and followers all.

‘ But thou thy honours of thy race,
Lov’d youth, shalt now restore;
And raise again the Percy name
More glorious than before.’

He ceas’d, and on the lovely pair
His choicest blessings laid:
While they with thanks and pitying tears
His mournful tale repaid.

And now what present course to take
They ask the good old sire;
And, guided by his sage advice,
To Scotland they retire.

Meantime their suit such favour found
At Raby’s stately hall,
Earl Neville and his princely spouse
Now gladly pardon all.

She suppliant at her nephew's* throne
 The royal grace implor'd :
 To all the honours of his race
 The Percy was restor'd.

The youthful earl still more and more
 Admir'd his beauteous dame :
 Nine noble sons to him she bore,
 All worthy of their name.

Percy:

Note.—The account given in the foregoing ballad of young Percy, the son of Hotspur, receives the following confirmation from the old Chronicle of Whitby.

' Henry Percy, the son of sir Henry Percy, that was slayne at Shrewesbery, and of Elizabeth, the daughter of the erle of Marche, after the death of his father, and graunt-syre, was exiled into Scotland } in the time of king Henry the Fourth: but in the time of king Henry the Fifth, by the labour of Johanne the countess of Westmerland (whose daughter Alianor he had wedded in coming into England), he recovered the king's grace, and the countye of Northumberland, so was the second erle of Northumberland.

' And of this Allanor his wife, he begate IX sonnes, and III daughters, whose names be Johanne, that is buried at Whitby; Thomas, lord Egremont; Katheryne Gray of Rythin; sir Raffe Percy; William Percy, a byshopp; Richard Percy; John, that dyed without issue; [another John, called by Vincentt, ' Johannes Percy senior de Warkworth;'] George Percy, clerk; Henry, that dyed without issue; Anne——, [besides the eldest son and successor here omitted, because he comes in below, viz.

' Henry Percy, the third erle of Northumberland.'

Vid. Harl. MSS. No. 692, (26) in the British Museum.

• King Henry V. A. D. 1414.

† i. e. remained an exile in Scotland during the reign of king Henry IV. In Scotia exulavit tempore Henrici Regis quarti. Lat. MS. penes. Duc. North.

‡ See his great Baronag. No. 20, in the Herald's Office

• COOPER'S HILL.

SURE there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnassus, nor did take the stream
Of Helicon ; we therefore may suppose
Those made not poets, but the poets those.
And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
So where the Muses and their train resort,
Parnassus stands ; if I can be to thee
A poet, thou Parnassus art to me.
Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my flight
By taking wing from thy auspicious height)
Through untrac'd ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundless in my fancy than my eye :
My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space
That lies between, and first salutes the place.
Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,
That whether 'tis a part of earth or sky
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud,
Paul's, the late theme of such a Muse*, whose flight
Has bravely reach'd and soar'd above thy height :
Now shalt thou stand, though sword, or time, or fire,
Or zeal more fierce than they, thy fall conspire •
Secure whilst thee the best of poets sings,
Preserv'd from ruin by the best of kings,
Under his proud survey the city lies,
And, like a mist beneath a hill doth rise ; [crowd,
Whose state and wealth, the business and the
Seem at this distance but a darker cloud ;
And is, to him who rightly things esteems,
No other in effect than what it seems :

• Mr. Waller.

Where, with like haste, though several ways they
Some to undo, and some to be undone ; [run,
While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the other's ruin and increase ;
As rivers lost in seas some secret vein
Thence reconveys, there to be lost again,
Oh happiness of sweet retir'd content !
To be at once secure and innocent.
Windsor the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
Beauty with strength) above the valley swells
Into my eye, and doth itself present
With such an easy and unforc'd ascent,
That no stupendous precipice denies
Access, no horror turns away our eyes ;
But such a rise as doth at once invite
A pleasure and a rev'rence from the sight ;
Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face
Sat meekness, heighten'd with majestic grace ;
Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the basis of that pompous load ;
Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But Atlas only which supports their spheres.
When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance,
'Twas guided by a wiser pow'r than Chance ;
Mark'd out for such an use, as if 'twere meant
To invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
Nor can we call it choice, when what we choose
Folly or blindness only could refuse.
A crown of such majestic tow'rs doth grace
The god's great mother, when her heav'nly race
Do homage to her ; yet she cannot boast,
Among that num'rous and celestial host,
More heroes than can Windsor ; nor doth Fame's
Immortal book record more noble names.

Not to look back so far, to whom this isle
Owes the first glory of so brave a pile,
Whether to Cæsar, Albanact, or Brute,
The British Arthur, or the Danish Cnute,
(Though this of old no less contest did move,
Than when for Homer's birth seven cities strove ;
Like him in birth, thou shouldst be like in fame,
As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame)
But whoso'er it was, Nature design'd
First a brave place, and then as brave a mind.
Not to recount those sev'ral kings to whom
It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb ;
But thee, great Edward, and thy greater son*,
(The lilies which his father wore he wou),
And thy Bellona†, who the consort came,
Not only to thy bed, but to thy fame.
She to thy triumph led one captive king‡,
And brought that son which did the second bring‡
Then didst thou found that order (whether love
Or victory thy royal thoughts did move,
Each was a noble cause, and nothing less
Than the design has been the great success),
Which foreign kings and emperors esteem
The second honour to their diadem.
Had thy great destiny but given thee skill
To know, as well as pow'r to act, her will ;
That from those kings, who then thy captives were,
In after times should spring a royal pair
Who should possess all that thy mighty pow'r,
Or thy desires, more mighty, did devour ;
To whom their better fate reserves whate'er
The victor hopes for, or the vanquish'd fear ;

* Edward III. and the Black Prince.

† Queen Philippa. ‡ The kings of France and Scotland.

That blood which thou and thy great grandsire
And all that since these sister nations bled, [shed,
Had been unspilt, had happy Edward known
That all the blood he spilt had been his own.
When he that patron chose, in whom are join'd,
Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd
Within the azure circle, he did seem
But to foretel and prophecy of him
Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd,
Which Nature for their bound at first design'd;
That bound to which the world's extremest ends,
Endless itself, its liquid arms extends.
Nor doth he need those emblems which we paint,
But is himself the soldier and the saint.
Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise,
But my fix'd thoughts my wand'ring eye betrays,
Viewing a neighb'ring hill, whose top of late
A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate
Th' adjoining abbey fell (may no such storm
Fall on our times, where ruin must reform !)
Tell me, my Muse, what monstrous dire offence
What crime, could any Christian king incense
To such a rage? Was't luxury, or lust?
Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just? [more :
Were these their crimes? They were his own much
But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor :
Who, having spent the treasure of his crown,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own.
And yet this act, to varnish o'er the shame
Of sacrilege, must bear Devotion's name,
No crime so bold but would be understood
A real, or at least a seeming, good :
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And, free from conscience, is a slave to fame :

Thus ne the church at once protects and spoils :
But princes' swords are sharper than their styles
And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,
Their charity destroys, their faith defends.
Then did religion in a lazy cell,
In empty airy contemplations dwell ;
And, like the block, unmoved lay : but ours,
As much too active, like the stork devours.
Is there no temperate region can be known
Betwixt their frigid and our torrid zone ?
Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
But to be restless in a worse extreme ?
And for that lethargy was there no cure,
But to be cast into a calenture ?
Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance ;
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than, led by a false guide, to err by day ?
Who sees these dismal heaps, but would demand
What barbarous invader sack'd the land ?
But when he hears, no Goth, no Turk did bring
This desolation, but a Christian king ;
When nothing but the name of zeal appears
'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs ;
What does he think our sacrilege would spare,
When such th' effects of our devotions are ?
Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, and fear,
Those for what's past, and this for what's too near,
My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valley strays.
Thames, the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs ;
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.

Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold,
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for the ensuing spring;
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers who their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, or mock the ploughman's toil:
But godlike his unwearied bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does:
Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
But free and common, as the sea or wind;
When he, to boast, or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying tow'rs
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants;
Cities in deserts, woods in cities, plants.
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
Oh, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme! [dull;
Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not
Strong, without rage; without o'erflowing, full.
Heaven her Eridanus no more shall boast,
Whose fame in thine, like lesser current, 's lost,
Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
To shine among the stars*, and bathe the gods.

* The Forest.

Here Nature, whether more intent to please
Us for herself, with strange varieties,
(For things of wonder give no less delight
To the wise Maker's than beholder's sight:
Though these delights from sev'ral causes move
For so our children, thus our friends we love)
Wisely she knew, the harmony of things,
As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.
Such was the discord which did first disperse
Form, order, beauty, through the universe;
While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,
All that we have, and that we are, subsists.
While the steep horrid roughness of the wood
Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood
Such huge extremes when nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence results, from thence delight
The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
That had the self-enamour'd youth gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been,
While he the bottom, not his face, had^t seen.
But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows;
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat,
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd;
Which shade and shelter from the hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives;
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.
This scene had some bold Greek or British bard
Beheld of old, what stories have we heard

Of fairies, satyrs, and the nymphs their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their am'rous flames!
'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
And thither all the horned host resorts
To graze the ranker mead, that noble herd,
On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great masterpiece ; to show how soon
Great things are made, but sooner are undone.
Here have I seen the king, when great affairs
Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares,
Attended to the chase by all the flow'r
Of youth, whose hopes a noble prey devour :
Pleasure with praise, and danger they would buy,
And wish a foe that would not only fly.
The stag, now conscious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
To some dark covert his retreat had made,
Where nor man's eyes nor heaven's should invade
His soft repose ; when th' unexpected sound
Of dogs, and men, his wakeful ear does wound :
Rous'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
Willing to think th' illusions of his fear
Had given this false alarm, but straight his view
Confirms, that more than all his fears are true.
Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset ;
All instruments, all arts of ruin met ;
He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head ;
With these t' avoid, with that his fate to meet :
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry ;

Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense
Their disproportion'd speed doth recompense ;
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent.
Then tries his friends ; among the baser herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
His safety seeks ; the herd, unkindly wise,
Or chases him from thence, or from him flies ;
Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
To his friends' pity, and pursuers' scorn,
With shame remembers, while himself was one
Of the same herd, himself the same had done.
Thence to the coverts and the conscious groves,
The scene of his past triumphs and his loves ;
Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone
Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own :
And, like a bold knight-errant, did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame ;
And taught the woods to echo to the stream
His dreadful challenge and his clashing beam.
Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now ev'ry leaf and ev'ry moving breath
Presents a foe, and ev'ry foe a death.
Wearied, forsaken, and pursued, at last
All safety in despair of safety plac'd.
Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
And now, too late, he wishes for the fight
That strength he wasted in ignoble flight ;
But when he sees the eager chase renew'd,
Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursued,
He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
Repents his courage than his fear before ;

Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor force,
Nor speed, nor art avail, he shapes his course ;
Thinks not their rage so desp'rate to essay
An element more merciless than they.
But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
Quench their dire thirst ! alas, they thirst for blood !
So towards a ship the oar-finn'd galleys ply,
Which wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
Tempt the last fury of extreme despair.
So fares the stag among th' enraged hounds,
Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds.
And as a hero, whom his baser foes
In troops surround, now these assails, now those ;
Though prodigal of life, disdains to die
By common hands ; but if he can descry
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his fate, and then contented falls :
So when the king a mortal shaft lets fly
From his unerring hand, then glad to die,
Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood !
And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
This a more innocent and happy chase,
Than when of old, but in the self-same place,
Fair Liberty pursued*, and meant a prey
To lawless pow'r, here turn'd and stood at bay.
When in that remedy all hope was plac'd
Which was, or should have been at least, the last.
Here was that charter seal'd, wherein the crown
All marks of arbitrary pow'r lays down :

Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear.
The happier style of king and subject bear:
Happy, when both to the same centre move,
When kings give liberty, and subjects love.
Therefore not long in force this charter stood;
Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.
The subjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
Th' advantage only took the more to crave;
Till kings by giving give themselves away,
And e'en that pow'r that should deny betray.
' Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles;
Not thank'd, but scorn'd; nor are they gifts, but
spoils.'

Thus kings, by grasping more than they could hold,
First made their subjects by oppression bold;
And pop'lar sway, by forcing kings to give
More than was fit for subjects to receive,
Ran to the same extremes; and one excess
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
When a calm river, rais'd with sudden rains,
Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th' adjoining plains,
The husbandmen with high-rais'd banks secure
Their greedy hopes; and this he can endure.
But if with bays and dams they strive to force
His channel to a new or narrow course,
No longer then within his banks he dwells;
First to a torrent, then a deluge swells;
Stronger and fiercer by restraint he roars,
And knows no bound, but make his pow'r his
shores.

Denham.

ELEGANT EXTRACTS,

FROM THE
MOST EMINENT POETS.

BOOK XII.

CONSISTING OF LARGER POEMS.

THE MINSTREL; OR, THE PROGRESS OF GENIUS.

BOOK I.

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musæ,
Quarum sacra fero, ingenti percussus amore,
Accipiant.——— *Virg.*

AH! who can tell how hard it is to climb [afar,
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And wag'd with Fortune an eternal war;
Check'd by the scoff of Pride, by Envy's frown,
And Poverty's unconquerable bar,
In life's low vale remote has pin'd alone,
Then dropp'd into the grave, unpitied and unknown!

VOL. VI.

U

And yet, the languor of inglorious days
Not equally oppressive is to all :
Him, who ne'er listen'd to the voice of praise,
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal :
There are, who, deaf to mad Ambition's call,
Would shrink to hear th' obstreperous trump of
Fame ;

Supremely bless'd, if to their portion fall
Health, competence, and peace. Nor higher
aim

Had *he*, whose simple tale these artless lines pro-
claim.

The rolls of Fame I will not now explore ;
Nor need I here describe in learned lay,
How forth the Minstrel far'd in days of yore,
Right glad of heart, though homely in array ;
His waving locks and beard all hoary grey :
While from his bending shoulder, decent hung
His harp, the sole companion of his way,
Which to the whistling wind responsive rung ;
And ever as he went some merry lay he sung.

Fret not thyself, thou glittering child of pride,
That a poor villager inspires my strain ;
With thee let Pageantry and Power abide :
The gentle Muses haunt the silvan reign ;
Where through wild groves at eve the lonely
swain

Enraptur'd roams, to gaze on Nature's charms ;
They hate the sensual, and scorn the vain,
The parasite their influence never warms,
Nor him whose sordid soul the love of gold alarms

Though richest hues the peacock's plumes
adorn,
Yet horror screams from his discordant throat.
Rise, sons of harmony, and hail the morn.
While warbling larks on russet pinions float ;
Or seek at noon the woodland scene remote,
Where the grey linnets carol from the hill :
O let them ne'er with artificial note,
To please a tyrant, strain the little bill,
But sing what Heaven inspires, and wander where
they will.

Liberal, not lavish, is kind Nature's hand ;
Nor was perfection made for man below :
Yet all her schemes with nicest art are plann'd,
Good counteracting ill, and gladness woe.
With gold and gems if Chilian mountains glow ;
If bleak and barren Scotia's hills arise ;
There plague and poison, lust and rapine grow ;
Here peaceful are the vales, and pure the skies,
And freedom fires the soul, and sparkles in the
eyes.

Then grieve not, thou, to whom th' indulgent
Vouchsafes a portion of celestial fire ; [Muse
Nor blame the partial Fates, if they refuse
Th' imperial banquet, and the rich attire :
Know thine own worth, and reverence the
lyre.
Wilt thou debase the heart which God refin'd ?
No ; let thy heaven-taught soul to Heaven aspire,
To fancy, freedom, harmony, resign'd ;
Ambition's groveling crew for ever left behind.

Canst thou forego the pure ethereal soul
In each fine sense so exquisitely keen,
On the dull couch of Luxury to loll,
Stung with disease, and stupified with spleen ;
Fain to implore the aid of Flattery's screen,
Even from thyself thy loathsome heart to hide,
(The mansion then no more of joy serene)
Where fear, distrust, malevolence abide,
And impotent desire, and disappointed pride ?

Oh ! how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields ?
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields ;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of Heaven,
Oh ! how canst thou renounce, and hope to be for-
given ?

These charms shall work thy soul's eternal
health,
And love, and gentleness, and joy impart :
But these thou must renounce, if lust of wealth
E'er win its way to thy corrupted heart ;
For, ah ! it poisons like a scorpion's dart ;
Prompting th' ungenerous wish, the selfish
scheme,
The stern resolve, unmov'd by pity's smart,
The troublous day, and long distressful dream,—
Return, my roving Muse, resume thy purpos'd
theme.

There liv'd in gothic days, as legends tell,
A shepherd-swain, a man of low degree ; [dwell,
Whose sires, perchance, in Fairyland might
Sicilian groves, or vales of Arcady.
But he, I ween, was the north countrie* ;
A nation fam'd for song, and beauty's charms ;
Zealous, yet modest ; innocent, though free ;
Patient of toil ; serene amidst alarms ;
Inflexible in faith ; invincible in arms

The shepherd swain of whom I mention made,
On Scotia's mountains fed his little flock ;
The sickle, scythe, or plough, he never sway'd :
An honest heart was almost all his stock :
His drink the living water from the rock :
The milky dams supplied his board, and lent
Their kindly fleece to baffle winter's shock ;
And he, though oft with dust and sweat besprent,
Did guide and guard their wandering, wheresoe'er
they went.

From labour health, from health contentment
springs,
Contentment opes the source of every joy :
He envied not, he never thought of, kings ;
Nor from those appetites sustain'd annoy,
That chance may frustrate, or indulgence cloy :
Nor Fate his calm and humble hopes beguil'd ;
He mourn'd no recreant friend, nor mistress coy,
For on his vows the blameless Phœbe smil'd,
And her alone he lov'd, and lov'd her from a child.

* There is hardly an ancient ballad, or romance, wherein a minstrel or harper appears, but he is characterised, by way of eminence, to have been ' of the north countrie.' " —

ble, that under this appellation were formed all the provinces to the north of the Trent.—See *Percy's Essay on the English Minstrels*.

But why should I his childish feats display?
Concourse, and noise, and toil, he ever fled;
Nor cared to mingle in the clamorous fray
Of squabbling imps, but to the forest sped,
Or roam'd at large the lonely mountain's head;
Or, where the maze of some bewilder'd stream
To deep untrodden groves his footsteps led,
There would he wander wild, till Phœbus' beam,
Shot from the western cliff, releas'd the weary team.

Th' exploit of strength, dexterity, or speed,
To him nor vanity nor joy could bring:
His heart, from cruel sport estrang'd, would
 bleed
To work the woe of any living thing,
By trap, or net; by arrow, or by sling;
These he detested, those he scorn'd to wield:
He wish'd to be the guardian, not the king,
Tyrant far less, or traitor of the field;
And sure the silvan reign unbloody joy might
 yield.

Lo! where the stripling, wrapp'd in wonder
 roves
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine;
And sees, on high, amidst th' encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine:
While waters, woods, and winds, in concert join,
And Echo swells the chorus to the skies.
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?
Ah! no: he better knows great Nature's charm
 to prize.

And oft he trac'd the uplands, to survey,
When o'er the sky advanc'd the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain
grey,

And lake, dim gleaming on the smoky lawn ;
Far to the west the long long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for awhile ;
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil.—

But, lo! the Sun appears! and Heaven, Earth,
Ocean, smile.

And oft the craggy cliff he lov'd to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost :
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
And view th' enormous waste of vapour toss'd
In billows, lengthening to th' horizon round,
Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now
emboss'd!

And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar
profound!

In truth he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle, and each dreadful scene :
In darkness, and in storm, he found delight ;
Nor less, than when on ocean wave serene
The southern Sun diffus'd his dazzling shene.
Even sad vicissitude amus'd his soul :
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear, so sweet, he wish'd not to controul.

‘ O ye wild groves, O where is now your bloom ?
(The Muse interprets thus his tender thought)

‘ Your flowers, your verdure, and your balmy
gloom,

Of late so grateful in the hour of drought

Why do the birds, that song and rapture brought

To all your bowers, their mansions now forsake ?

Ah ! why has fickle Chance this ruin wrought ?

For now the storm howls mournful through the
brake,

And the dead foliage flies in many a shapeless flake.

‘ Where now the rill, melodious, pure, and cool
And meads, with life, and mirth, and beauty
crown’d ?

Ah ! see, th’ unsightly slime, and sluggish pool,
Have all the solitary vale imbrown’d ; [sound,
Fled each fair form, and mute each melting
The raven croaks forlorn on naked spray :

And, hark ! the river, bursting every mound,

Down the vale thunders ; and with wasteful sway
Uproots the grove, and rolls the shatter’d rocks
away.

‘ Yet such the destiny of all on Earth :

So flourishes and fades majestic Man.

Fair is the bud his vernal morn brings forth,

And fostering gales awhile the nursling fan :

O smile, ye heavens, serene ; ye mildews wan,

Ye blighting whirlwinds, spare his balmy pride,

Nor lessen of his life the little span :

Borne on the swift, though silent, wings of Time,

Old age comes on apace to ravage all the clime.

• ‘ And be it so. Let those deplore their doom,
Whose hope still grovels in this dark sojourn :
But lofty souls, who look beyond the tomb,
Can smile at Fate, and wonder how they mourn.
Shall spring to these sad scenes no more return ?
Is yonder wave the Sun’s eternal bed ?—
Soon shall the orient with new lustre burn,
And spring shall soon her vital influence shed,
Again attune the grove, again adorn the mead.

‘ Shall I be left abandon’d in the dust,
When Fate, relenting, lets the flower revive ?
Shall Nature’s voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doom’d to perish, hope to
live ?
Is it for this fair Virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain ?—
No: Heaven’s immortal spring shall yet arrive
And man’s majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through th’ eternal year of Love’s trium-
phant reign.’

This truth sublime his simple sire had taught,
In sooth, ’twas almost all the shepherd knew,
No subtle nor superfluous lore he sought,
Nor ever wish’d his Edwin to pursue :
‘ Let man’s own sphere,’ quoth he, ‘ confine his
view,
Be man’s peculiar work his sole delight.’
And much and oft, he warn’d him to eschew
Falsehood and guile, and aye maintain the
right,
By pleasure uneduc’d, unaw’d by lawless might.

‘ And from the prayer of Want, and plaint of
Woe,
O never, never turn away thine ear,
Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,
Ah! what were man, should Heaven refuse to
hear !
To others do (the law is not severe)
What to thyself thou wishest to be done :
Forgive thy foes ; and love thy parents dear,
And friends, and native land ; nor those alone ;
All human weal and woe learn thou to make thine
own.’

See in the rear of the warm sunny shower,
The visionary boy from shelter fly !
For now the storm of summer-rain is o’er,
And cool, and fresh, and fragrant, is the sky !
And, lo! in the dark east, expanded high,
The rainbow brightens to the setting Sun ;
Fond fool, that deem’st the streaming glory nigh,
How vain the chase thine ardour has begun !
’Tis fled afar, ere half thy purpos’d race be run.

Yet couldst thou learn that thus it fares with age,
When pleasure, wealth, or power, the bosom
warm,
This baffled hope might tame thy manhood’s rage,
And Disappointment of her sting disarm.—
But why should foresight thy fond heart alarm ?
Perish the lore that deadens young desire !
Pursue, poor imp, th’ imaginary charm,
Indulge gay Hope, and Fancy’s pleasing fire :
Fancy and Hope too soon shall of themselves expire.

When the long-sounding curfew from afar
Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,
Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,
Lingering and listening, wander'd down the vale:
There would he dream of graves, and corpses pale,
And ghosts that to the charnel-dungeon throng,
And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,
Till silenc'd by the owl's terrific song,
Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering isles
along.

Or, when the setting Moon, in crimson dyed,
Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,
To haunted stream, remote from man he hied,
Where fays of yore their revels wont to keep;
And there let fancy roam at large, till sleep
A vision brought to his intranced sight:
And first, a wildly-murmuring wind 'gan creep
Shrill to his ringing ear; then tapers bright,
With instantaneous gleam, illumin'd the vault of
Night.

Anon in view a portal's blazon'd arch
Arose; the trumpet bids the valves unfold;
And forth an host of little warriors march,
Grasping the diamond lance, and targe of gold:
Their look was gentle, their demeanour bold,
And green their helms, and green their silk
And here and there, right venerably old, [attire;
The long-rob'd minstrels wake the warbling
wire,
And some with mellow breath the martial pipe
inspire.

With merriment, and song, and timbrels clear,
A troop of dames from myrtle bowers advance ;
The little warriors doff the targe and spear,
And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance :
They meet, they dart away, they wheel
askance :

To right, to left, they thrid the flying maze ;
Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then
glance

Rapid along ; with many-colour'd rays
Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing forests
blaze.

The dream is fled. Proud harbinger of day,
Who scar'dst the vision with thy clarion shrill,
Fell chanticler ! who oft has reft away
My fancied good, and brought substantial ill !
O to thy cursed stream, discordant still,
Let Harmony aye shut her gentle ear :
Thy boastful mirth let jealous rivals spill,
Insult thy crest, and glossy pinions tear,
And ever in thy dreams the ruthless fox appear

Forbear, my Muse. Let Love attune thy line.
Revoke the spell. Thine Edwin frets not so :—
For how should he at wicked chance repine,
Who feels from every change amusement flow ?
E'en now his eyes with smiles of rapture glow,
As on he wanders through the scenes of morn,
Where the fresh flowers in living lustre blow,
Where thousand pearls the dewy lawns adorn,
A thousand notes of joy in every breeze are
borne.

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain
side ;
The lowing herd ; the sheepfold's simple bell ;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley ; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above ;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide ;
The hum of bees, and linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark ;
Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid
sings ;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield ; and,
hark !
Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon
rings ; [springs ;
Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd
Slow tolls the village-clock the drowsy hour ;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings ;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her ærial tour.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme !
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new !
O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due !
Bless'd be the day I 'scap'd the wrangling crew
From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty ;
And held high converse with the godlike few,
Who to th' enraptur'd heart, and ear, and eye,
Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

Hence! ye who snare and stupefy the mind,
Sophists, of beauty, virtue, joy, the bane!
Greedy and fell, though impotent and blind,
Who spread your filthy nets in Truth's fair fane,
And ever ply your venom'd fangs amain! [slime
Hence to dark Errour's den, whose rankling
First gave you form! hence! lest the M^{use}
 should deign, [rhyme)
(Though loth on theme so mean to waste a
With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious crime.

But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth!
Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
Amus'd my childhood, and inform'd my youth.
O let your spirit still my bosom soothe; [guide!
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings
Your voice each rugged path of life can smoothe;
For well I know, wherever ye reside,
There harmony, and peace, and innocence abide.

Ah me! abandon'd on the lonesome plain,
As yet poor Edwin never knew your lore,
Save when against the winter's drenching rain,
And driving snow, the cottage shut the door:
Then, as instructed by tradition hoar,
Her legends when the beldame 'gan impart,
Or chaunt the old heroic ditty o'er,
Wonder and joy ran thrilling to his heart;
Much he the tale admir'd, but more the tuneful art.

Various and strange was the Jong-winded tale;
And balls, and knights, and feats of arms, display'd;

Or merry swains, who quaff the nut-brown ale,
 And sing, enamour'd of the nut-brown maid;
 The moonlight revel of the fairy glade;
 Or hags that suckle an infernal brood,
 And ply in caves th' unutterable trade*, [blood,
 Midst fiends, and spectres, quench the moon in
 Yell in the midnight storm, or ride th' infuriate
 flood.

But when to horror his amazement rose,
 A gentler strain the beldame would rehearse,
 A tale of rural life, a talc of woes,
 The orphan babes†, and guardian uncle fierce:—
 O cruel! will no pang of pity pierce
 That heart by lust of lucre sear'd to stone?
 For sure, if aught of virtue last, or verse,
 To latest times shall tender souls bemoan [done.
 Those helpless orphan-babes by thy fell arts un-

Behold, with berries smear'd, with brambles
 torn †,
 The babes now famish'd lay them down to die,
 Midst the wild howl of darksome woods forlorn,
 Folded in one another's arms they lie;
 Nor friend, nor stranger, hears their dying cry;
 ' For from the town the man returns no more.'
 But thou, who Heaven's just vengeance dar'st
 defy,
 This deed with fruitless tears shalt soon deplore,
 When Death lays waste thy house, and flames con-
 sume thy store.

* Allusion to Shakspeare.

Mac. How now, ye secret, &c. *Macbeth*, Act 4, Scene 1.

† See the fine old ballad, called, ' The Children in the Wood,'

A stifled smile of stern vindictive joy
Brighten'd one moment Edwin's starting tear.—
' But why should gold man's feeble mind decoy,
And innocence thus die by doom severe ?'
O Edwin ! while thy heart is yet sincere,
Th' assaults of discontent and doubt repel :
Dark ev'n at noontide is our mortal sphere ;
But let us hope,——to doubt, is to rebel,——
Let us exult in hope, that all shall yet be well.

Nor be thy generous indignation check'd,
Nor check'd the tender tear to Misery given ;
From Guilt's contagious power shall that protect,
This soften and refine the soul for Heaven.
But dreadful is their doom, whom doubt has
driven
To censure Fate, and pious Hope forego :
Like yonder blasted boughs by lightning riven,
Perfection, beauty, life, they never know,
But frown on all that pass, a monument of woe.

Shall he, whose birth, maturity, and age,
Scarce fill the circle of one summer day,
Shall the poor gnat with discontent and rage
Exclaim, that Nature hastens to decay,
If but a cloud obstruct the solar ray,
If but a momentary shower descend.
Or shall frail man Heaven's dread decree gain-
say,
Which bade the series of events extend
Wide through unnumber'd worlds, and ages with-
out end ?

One part, one little part, we dimly scan
Through the dark medium of life's feverish
dream ;
Yet dare arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem.
Nor is that part perhaps what mortals deem ;
Oft from apparent ill our blessings rise.
O then renounce that impious self-esteem,
That aims to trace the secrets of the skies :
For thou art but of dust ; be humble and be wise !

Thus Heaven enlarg'd his soul in riper years :
For Nature gave him strength and fire, to soar
On Fancy's wing above this vale of tears ;
Where dark cold-hearted sceptics, creeping,
pore
Through microscope of metaphysic lore :
And much they grope for truth, but never hit.
For why ? their powers, inadequate before,
This art preposterous renders more unfit ;
Yet deem they darkness light, and their vain
blunders wit.

Nor was this ancient dame a foe to mirth.
Her ballad, jest, and riddle's quaint device
Oft cheer'd the shepherds round their social
hearth ;
Whom levity or spleen could ne'er entice
To purchase chat or laughter, at the price
Of decency. Nor let it faith exceed,
That Nature forms a rustic taste so nice :—
Ah ! had they been of court or city breed,
Such delicacy were right marvellous indeed.

Oft when the winter-storm had ceas'd to rave,
He roam'd the snowy waste at even, to view
The cloud stupendous, from th' Atlantic wave
High-towering sail along th' horizon blue :
Where midst the changeful scenery, ever new,
Fancy a thousand wondrous forms describes,
More wildly great than ever pencil drew,
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,
And glittering cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts

Thence musing onward to the sounding shore,
The lone enthusiast oft would take his way,
Listening with pleasing dread to the deep roar
Of the wide-weltering waves. In black array
When sulphurous clouds roll'd on the vernal
day,
Even then he hasten'd from the haunt of man,
Along the trembling wilderness to stray,
What time the lightning's fierce career began,
And o'er Heaven's rending arch the rattling thun-
der ran.

Responsive to the sprightly pipe, when all
In sprightly dance the village-youth were join'd
Edwin, of melody aye held in thrall,
From the rude gambol far remote reclin'd,
Sooth'd with the soft notes warbling in the wind.
Ah then, all jollity seem'd noise and folly :
To the pure soul by Fancy's fire refin'd,
Ah, what is mirth but turbulence unholy,
When with the charm compar'd of heavenly me-
lancholy !

Is there a heart that music cannot melt ?

Alas ! how is that rugged heart forlorn !

Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports
felt

Of solitude and melancholy born ?

He needs not woo the Muse ; he is her scorn.

The sophist's rope of cobweb he shall twine ;

Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish-page ; or
mourn,

And delve for life in Mammon's dirty mine ;

Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with glut-
ton swine.

For Edwin fate a nobler doom had plann'd ;

Song was his favourite and first pursuit :

The wild harp rang to his adventurous hand,

And languish'd to his breath the plaintive
flute

His infant Muse, though artless, was not mute :

Of elegance as yet he took no care ;

For this of time and culture is the fruit ;

And Edwin gain'd at last this fruit so rare :

As in some future verse I purpose to declare.

Meanwhile, whate'er of beautiful, or new,

Sublime, or dreadful, in earth, sea, or sky,

By chance, or search, was offer'd to his view,

He scan'd with curious and romantic eye.

Whate'er of lore tradition could supply

From gothic tale, or song, or fable old,

Rous'd him, still keen to listen and to pry.

At last, though long by penury control'd,

And solitude, his soul her graces 'gan unfold.

Thus on the chill Lapponian's dreary land,
For many a long month lost in snow profound,
When Sol from Cancer sends the season bland,
And in their northern cave the storms are
 bound ;
From silent mountains, straight, with startling
 sound,
Torrents are hurl'd ; green hills emerge ; and lo,
The trees with foliage, cliffs with flowers are
 crown'd ;
Pure rills through vales of verdure warbling go ;
And wonder, love, and joy, the peasant's heart
 o'erflow*.

Here pause, my gothic lyre, a little while.
The leisure hour is all that thou canst claim.
But if * * * on this labour smile,
New strains ere long shall animate thy frame,
And his applause to me is more than fame ;
For still with truth accords his taste refin'd.
At lucre or renown let others aim,
I only wish to please the gentle mind,
Whom Nature's charms inspire, and love of
 human-kind.

* Spring and autumn are hardly known to the Laplanders. About the time the sun enters Cancer, their fields, which a week before were covered with snow, appear on a sudden full of grass and flowers.

Scheffer's History of Lapland, p. 16.

BOOK II.

*Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant.*

Horat.

OF chance or change, O let not man complain ;
Else shall he never never cease to wail :
For, from th' imperial dome, to where the swain
Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,
All feel the assault of Fortune's fickle gale ;
Art, empire, earth itself, to change are doom'd ;
Earthquakes have raised to heaven the humble
vale,
And gulfs the mountain's mighty mass entomb'd,
And where th' Atlantic rolls wide continents have
bloom'd*.

But sure to foreign climes we need not range,
Nor search the ancient records of our race,
To learn the dire effects of time and change,
Which in ourselves, alas ! we daily trace.
Yet at the darken'd eye, the wither'd face,
Or hoary hair, I never will repine :
But spare, O Time, whate'er of mental grace,
Of candour, love, or sympathy divine,
Whate'er of fancy's ray, or friendship's flame is
mine.

* See Plato's *Timeus*.

So I obsequious to Truth's dread command,
Shall here without reluctance change my lay,
And smite the gothic lyre with harsher hand ;
Now when I leave that flowery path for aye
Of childhood, where I sported many a day,
Warbling and sauntering carelessly along ;
Where every face was innocent and gay,
Each vale romantic, tuneful every tongue,
Sweet, wild, and artless all, as Edwin's infant
song.

' Perish the lore that deadens young desire,'
Is the soft tenour of my song no more.
Edwin, though lov'd of Heaven, must not
aspire
To bliss, which mortals never knew before.
On trembling wings let youthful fancy soar,
Nor always haunt the sunny realms of joy ;
But now and then the shades of life explore ;
Though many a sound and sight of woe annoy,
And many a qualm of care his rising hopes
destroy.

Vigour from toil, from trouble patience grows :
The weakly blossom, warm in summer bower
Some tints of transient beauty may disclose ;
But ah ! it withers in the chilling hour.
Mark yonder oaks ! superior to the power
Of all the warring winds of heaven they rise,
And from the stormy promontory tower,
And toss their giant arms amid the skies,
While each assailing blast increase of strength
supplies.

And now the downy cheek and deepen'd voice
Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming prime ;
And walks of wider circuit were his choice,
And vales more wild, and mountains more sublime.

One evening, as he fram'd the careless rhyme,
It was his chance to wander far abroad,
And o'er a lonely eminence to climb,
Which heretofore his foot had never trode ;
A vale appear'd below, a deep retired abode.

Thither he hied, enamour'd of the scene :
For rocks on rocks pil'd, as by magic spell,
Here scorcht with lightning, there with ivy
green ;
Fenc'd from the north and east this savage dell ;
Southward a mountain rose with easy swell,
Whose long long groves eternal murmur made ;
And toward the western Sun a streamlet fell,
Where, through the cliffs, the eye, remote,
survey'd
Blue hills, and glittering waves, and skies in gold
array'd.

Along this narrow valley you might see
The wild deer sporting on the meadow ground,
And here and there, a solitary tree,
Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine crown'd :
Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound
Of parted fragments tumbling from on high ;
And from the summit of that craggy mound
The perching eagle oft was heard to cry,
Or on resounding wings to shoot athwart the sky :

One cultivated spot there was, that spread
Its flowery bosom to the noonday beam,
Where many a rose-bud rears its blushing head,
And herbs for food with future plenty teem.
Sooth'd by the lulling sound of grove and stream
Romantic visions swarm on Edwin's soul:
He minded not the Sun's last trembling gleam,
Nor heard from far the twilight curfew toll;
When slowly on his ear these moving accents
stole :

' Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled
breast,
And woo the weary to profound repose ;
Can Passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
And whisper comfort to the man of woes ?
Here Innocence may wander safe from foes,
And Contemplation soar on seraph wings.
O Solitude ! the man who thee foregoes,
When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
Shall never know the source whence real grandeur
springs.

' Vain man, is grandeur given to gay attire ?
Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid :—
To friends, attendants, armies bought with
hire ?
It is thy weakness that requires their aid :—
To palaces, with gold and gems inlaid
They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm :—
To hosts, through carnage who to conquest wade ?
Behold the victor vanquish'd by the worm !
Behold, what deeds of woe the locust can perform !

‘True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind
Virtue has rais’d above the things below,
Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resign’d,
Shrinks not, though Fortune aim her deadliest
blow.’

—This strain from midst the rocks was heard
to flow

In solemn sounds. Now beam’d the evening star;
And from embattled clouds emerging slow,
Cynthia came riding on her silver ear;
And hoary mountain-cliffs shone faintly from afar.

Soon did the solemn voice its theme renew ;
(While Edwin wrapp’d in wonder listening
stood,

‘ Ye tools and toys of tyranny, adieu,
Scorn’d by the wise, and hated by the good!
Ye only can engage the servile brood
Of Levity and Lust, who, all their days,
Asham’d of truth and liberty, have woo’d,
And hugg’d the chain, that glittering on their
gaze [blaze

Seems to outshine the pomp of Heaven’s empyreal

‘ Like them, abandon’d to Ambition’s sway,
I sought for glory in the paths of guile ;
And fawn’d and smil’d, to plunder and betray,
Myself betray’d and plunder’d all the while :
So gnaw’d the viper the corroding file :
But now with pangs of keen remorse I rue
Those years of trouble and debasement vile.—
Yet why should I this cruel theme pursue?
Fly, fly, detested thoughts, for ever from my view

' The gnats of appetite, the clouds of care,
And storms of disappointment, all o'erpass'd,
Henceforth no earthly hope with Heaven shall
share

This heart, where peace serenely shines at last,
And if for me no treasure be amass'd,
And if no future age shall hear my name,
I lurk the more secure from Fortune's blast,
And with more leisure feed this pious flame,
Whose rapture far transcends the fairest hopes of
fame.

' The end and the reward of toil is rest.
Be all my prayer for virtue and for peace.
Of wealth and fame, of pomp and power pos-
sess'd,
Who ever felt his weight of woe decrease!
Ah! what avails the lore of Rome and Greece,
The lay heaven-prompted, and harmonious
string,
The dust of Ophir, or the Tyrian fleece,
All that art, fortune, enterprize, can bring,
If envy, scorn, remorse, or pride the bosom wring.

' Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb [nown,
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of re-
In the deep dungeon of some gothic dome,
Where night and desolation ever frown,
Mine be the breezy hill that skirts the down;
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook, or fountain's murmuring wave;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my
grave.

‘And thither let the village swain repair;
And, light of heart, the village maiden gay,
To deck with flowers her half-dishevell’d hair,
And celebrate the merry morn of May.
There let the shepherd’s pipe the live-long day
Fill all the grove with love’s bewitching woe;
And when mild Evening comes with mantle grey,
Let not the blooming band make haste to go
No ghost nor spell my long and last abode shall
know.

‘For though I fly to ’scape from Fortune’s
rage,
And bear the scars of envy, spite, and scorn,
Yet with mankind no horrid war I wage,
Yet with no impious spleen my breast is torn:
For virtue lost and ruin’d man I mourn.
O man, creation’s pride, Heaven’s darling child,
Whom Nature’s best, divinest gifts adorn,
Why from thy home are truth and joy exil’d,
And all thy favourite haunts with blood and tears
defil’d?

‘Along yon glittering sky what glory streams!
What majesty attends night’s lovely queen!
Fair laugh our valleys in the vernal beams;
And mountains rise, and oceans roll between,
And all conspire to beautify the scene:
But in the mental world what chaos drear!
What forms of mournful, loathsome, furious
mien!
O when shall that eternal morn appear,
These dreadful forms to chase, this chaos dark to
clear!

‘O thou, at whose creative smile yon Heaven,
In all the pomp of beauty, life, and light,
Rose from th’ abyss; when dark Confusion,
driven
Down, down the bottomless profound of night,
Fled, where he ever flies thy piercing sight!
Oh, glance on these sad shades one pitying ray,
To blast the fury of oppressive might,
Melt the hard heart to Love and Mercy’s sway,
And cheer the wandering soul, and light him on
the way!’

Silence ensued: and Edwin rais’d his eyes
In tears, for grief lay heavy at his heart:
‘And is it thus in courtly life,’ he cries,
‘That man to man acts a betrayer’s part?
And dares he thus the gifts of Heaven per-
vert,
Each social instinct, and sublime desire?
Hail poverty! if honour, wealth, and art,
If what the great pursue, and learn’d admire,
Thus dissipate and quench the soul’s ethereal
fire!’

He said, and turn’d away; nor did the Sage
O’erhear, in silent orisons employ’d.
The youth, his rising sorrow to assuage,
Home as he hied, the evening scene enjoy’d:
For now no cloud obscures the starry void;
The yellow moonlight sleeps on all the hills;
Nor is the mind with startling sounds annoy’d,
A soothing murmur the lone region fills
Of groves, and dying gales, and melancholy rills.

But he from day to day more anxious grew ;—
The voice still seem'd to vibrate on his ear,
Nor durst he hope the Hermit's tale untrue ;
For man he seem'd to love, and Heaven to fear ;
' And none speaks false, where there is none to
hear.

' Yet, can man's gentle heart become so fell ?
No more in vain conjecture let me wear
My hours away, but seek the Hermit's cell ;
'Tis he my doubt can clear, perhaps my care
dispel.

At early dawn the youth his journey took,
And many a mountain pass'd, and valley wide,
Then reach'd the wild ; where, in a flowery
And seated on a mossy stone, he spied [nook,
An ancient man ; his harp lay him beside ;
A stag sprang from the pasture at his call,
And kneeling lick'd the wither'd hand, that
tied

A wreath of woodbine round his antlers tall,
And hung his lofty neck with many a flowret small.

And now the hoary Sage arose, and saw
The wanderer approaching : innocence
Smil'd on his glowing cheek, but modest awe
Depress'd his eye, that fear'd to give offence :—
' Who art thou, courteous stranger ? and from
whence ?

Why roam thy steps to this abandon'd dale ?'
' A shepherd-boy,' the youth replied ' far hence
My habitation ; hear my artless tale ;
levity nor falsehood shall thine ear assail.

Late as I roam'd intent on Nature's charms,
I reach'd at eve this wilderness profound ;
And, leaning where yon oak expands her arms,
Heard these rude cliffs thine awful voice rebound,
(For in thy speech I recognise the sound :)
You mourn'd for ruin'd man, and virtue lost,
And seem'd to feel of keen remorse the wound,
Pondering on former days, by guilt engross'd,
Or in the giddy storm of dissipation toss'd.

'But say, in courtly life can craft be learn'd,
Where knowledge opens and exalts the soul ?
Where Fortune lavishes her gifts unearn'd,
Can selfishness the liberal heart controul ?
Is glory there achiev'd by arts, as foul
As those which felons, fiends, and furies plan ?
Spiders ensnare, snakes poison, tigers prowl ;
Love is the godlike attribute of man :
O teach a simple youth this mystery to scan !

'Or else the lamentable strain disclaim,
And give me back the calm contented mind ;
Which late, exulting, view'd in Nature's frame,
Goodness untainted, wisdom unconfin'd :
Grace, grandeur, and utility combin'd :
Restore those tranquil days that saw me still
Well pleas'd with all, but most with human
kind ;
When Fancy roam'd through Nature's works at
will,
Uncheck'd by cold distrust, and uninform'd of
ill.'

‘Wouldst thou,’ the Sage replied, ‘in peace re-
To the gay dreams of fond romantic youth, [turn
Leave me to hide in this remote sojourn,
From every gentle ear the dreadful truth :
For if my desultory strain with ruth
And indignation make thine eyes o’erflow,
Alas ! what comfort could thy anguish soothe,
Shouldst thou th’ extent of human folly know ?
Be ignorance thy choice, where knowledge leads
to woe.

‘But let untender thoughts afar be driven ;
Nor venture to arraign the dread decree :
For know, to man as candidate for Heaven,
The voice of The Eternal said, *Be free* ;
And this divine prerogative to thee
Does virtue, happiness, and heaven convey ;
For Virtue is the child of Liberty,
And Happiness of Virtue ; nor can they
Be free to keep the path who are not free
to stray.

‘Yet leave me not. I would allay that grief,
Which else might thy young virtue overpower ;
And in thy converse I shall find relief,
When the dark shades of melancholy lour ;
For solitude has many a dreary hour,
Ev’n when exempt from grief, remorse, and
pain :
Come often then ; for, haply, in my bower,
Amusement, knowledge, wisdom thou may’s’t
gain.
If I one soul improve, I have not liv’d in vain’.—

And now, at length, to Edwin's ardent gaze
The Muse of history unrolls her page.
But few, alas! the scenes her art displays,
To charm his fancy, or his heart engage.
Her chiefs their thirst of power in blood assuage,
And straight their flames with tenfold fierceness
burn,
Here smiling Virtue prompts the patriot's rage,
But lo, ere long, is left alone to mourn, [urn.
And languish in the dust, and clasp th' abandon'd

' Ah, what avails,' he said, 'to trace the springs,
That whirl of empire the stupendous wheel?
Ah, what have I to do with conquering kings,
Hands drench'd in blood, and breasts begirt
with steel?
To those, whom Nature taught to think and feel.
Heroes, alas! are things of small concern:
Could History man's secret heart reveal,
And what imports a heaven-born mind to learn,
Her transcripts to explore what bosom would not
yearn?

' This praise, O Cheronean Sage*, is thine:
(Why should this praise to thee alone belong?)
All else from Nature's moral path decline,
Lur'd by the toys that captivate the throng;
To herd in cabinets and camps, among
Spoil, carnage, and the cruel pomp of pride;
Or chaunt of heraldry the drowsy song,
How tyrant blood, o'er many a region wide,
Rolls to a thousand thrones its execrable tide.

* Plutarch,

‘ Oh! who of man the story will unfold,
Ere victory and empire wrought annoy,
In that elysian age (misnamed of gold)
The age of love, and innocence and joy,
When all were great and free? man’s sole employ
To deck the bosom of his parent-earth; [decoy,
Or toward his bower the murmuring stream
To aid the flowret’s long-expected birth,
And lull the bed of peace, and crown the board of
mirth.

‘ Sweet were your shades, O ye primeval groves,
Whose boughs to man his food and shelter lent,
Pure in his pleasures, happy in his loves,
His eye still smiling, in his heart content :
Then, hand in hand, Health, Sport, and Labour
went ;
Nature supply’d the wish she taught to crave ;
None prowld for prey, none watch’d to circum-
vent :
To all an equal lot Heaven’s bounty gave ;
No vassal fear’d his lord, no tyrant fear’d his slave

‘ But ah ! th’ historic Muse has never dar’d
To pierce those hallow’d bowers : ’tis Fancy’s
beam
Pour’d on the vision of th’ enraptur’d bard,
That paints the charms of that delicious theme.
Then hail, sweet Fancy’s ray ! and hail the dream
That weans the weary soul from guilt and woe !
Careless what others of my choice may deem,
I long where Love and Fancy lead to go,
And meditate on Heaven; enough of Earth I
know.’—

‘ I cannot blame thy choice,’ the Sage replied,
‘ For soft and smooth are Fancy’s flowery ways:
And yet even there, if left without a guide,
The young adventurer unsafely plays.
Eyes dazzled long by Fiction’s gaudy rays
In modest truth no light nor beauty find:
And who, my child, would trust the meteor-blaze,
That soon must fail, and leave the wanderer
blind,
More dark and helpless far, than if it ne’er had
shin’d ?

‘ Fancy enervates, while it soothes, the heart,
And while it dazzles, wounds the mental sight:
To joy each heightening charm it can impart,
But wraps the hour of woe in tenfold night.
And often, where no real ills affright,
Its visionary fiends, an endless train,
Assail with equal or superior might, [brain,
And through the throbbing heart, and dizzy
And shivering nerves, shoot stings of more than
mortal pain.

‘ And yet, alas ! the real ills of life
Claim the full vigour of a mind prepar’d,
Prepar’d for patient, long, laborious strife,
Its guide Experience, and Truth its guard.
We fare on Earth as other men have far’d :
Were they successful ? Let not us despair.
Was disappointment oft their sole reward ?
Yet shall their tale instruct, if it declare
How they have borne the load ourselves are doom’d
to bear.

‘ What charms th’ historic Muse adorn, from
spoils,
And blood, and tyrants, when she wings her
flight,
To hail the patriot prince, whose pious toils
Sacred to science, liberty, and right,
And peace, through every age divinely bright
Shall shine the boast and wonder of mankind !
Sees yonder Sun, from his meridian height,
A lovelier scene than virtue thus enshrin’d
In power, and man with man for mutual aid com-
bin’d ?

‘ Hail, sacred Polity, by Freedom rear’d !
Hail, sacred Freedom, when by Law restrain’d !
Without you what were man ? A grovelling herd
In darkness, wretchedness, and want enchain’d,
Sublim’d by you, the Greek and Roman reign’d
In arts unrivall’d : Oh, to latest days,
In Albion may your influence unprofan’d
To godlike worth the generous bosom raise,
And prompt the sage’s lore, and fire the poet’s
lays !

‘ But now let other themes our care engage.
For lo, with modest yet majestic grace,
To curb Imagination’s lawless rage,
And from within the cherish’d heart to brace
Philosophy appears. The gloomy race
By Indolence and moping Fancy bred,
Fear, Discontent, Solitude, give place,
And Hope and Courage brighten in their stead,
While on the kindling soul her vital beams are shed.

‘ Then waken from long lethargy to life* ?
The seeds of happiness, and powers of thought ;
Then jarring appetites forego their strife,
A strife by ignorance to madness wrought.
Pleasure by savage man is dearly bought
With fell revenge, lust that defies controul,
With gluttony and death. The mind untaught
Is a dark waste, where fiends and tempests howl ;
As Phœbus to the world is Science to the soul.

‘ And Reason now through number, time, and
space,
Darts the keen lustre of her serious eye,
And learns, from facts compared, the laws to
trace,
Whose long progression leads to Deity.
Can mortal strength presume to soar so high ?
Can mortal sight, so oft bedimm’d with tears,
Such glory bear ?—for lo, the shadows fly
From Nature’s face ; confusion disappears,
And order charms the eyes, and harmony the ears

In the deep windings of the grove, no more
The hag obscene, and grisly phantom dwell ;
Nor in the fall of mountain-stream, or roar
Of winds, is heard the angry spirit’s yell ;
No wizard mutters the tremendous spell,
Nor sinks convulsive in prophetic swoon ;
Nor bids the noise of drums and trumpets swell,
To ease of fancied pangs the labouring Moon,
Or chase the shade that blots the blazing orb of noon.

* The influence of the philosophic spirit, in humanizing the mind, and preparing it for intellectual exertion and delicate pleasure ;—in exploring, by the help of geometry, the systems

Many a long-lingering year, in lonely isle,
Stunn'd with th' eternal turbulence of waves,
Lo, with dim eyes, that never learn'd to smile,
And trembling hands, the famish'd native craves
Of Heaven his wretched fare: shivering in caves,
Or scorch'd on rocks, he pines from day to day,
But Science gives the word; and lo, he braves
The surge and tempest, lighted by her ray,
And to a happier land wafts merrily away.

‘ And ev’n where Nature loads the teeming
With the full pomp of vegetable store, [plain
Her bounty, unimprov’d, is deadly bane :
Dark woods and rankling wilds, from shore to
shore
Stretch their enormous gloom ; which to explore
Even Fancy trembles in her sprightliest mood ;
For there each eyeball gleams with lust of gore,
Nestles each murderous and each monstrous
brood, [flood.
Plague lurks in every shade, and steams from every

‘ ’Twas from Philosophy man learn’d to tame
The soil by plenty to intemperance fed.
Lo, from the echoing axe, and thundering flame,
Poison and plague and yelling rage are fled :
The waters bursting from their slimy bed,
Bring health and melody to every vale :
And from the breezy main, and mountain’s head,
Ceres and Flora to the sunny dale, [gale.
To fan their glowing charms, invite the fluttering

of the universe;—in banishing superstition;—in promoting navigation, agriculture, medicine, and moral and political science:—from Stanza XLV. to Stanza LV

‘ What dire necessities on every hand
Our art, our strength, our fortitude require !
Of foes intestine what a numerous band
Against this little throb of life conspire !
Yet Science can elude their fatal ire
Awhile, and turn aside death’s levell’d dart,
Sooth the sharp pang, allay the fever’s fire,
And brace the nerves once more, and cheer the
heart,
And yet a few soft nights and balmy days im-
part.

‘ Nor less to regulate man’s mortal frame
Science exerts her all-composing sway
Flutters thy breast with fear, or pants for fame,
Or pines to Indolence and Spleen a prey,
Or Avarice, a fiend more fierce than they ?
Flee to the shade of Academus’ grove ;
Where cares molest not, discord melts away
In harmony, and the pure passions prove
How sweet the words of truth breath’d from the
lips of Love.

‘ What cannot Art and Industry perform,
When Science plans the progress of their toil ?
They smile at penury, disease, and storm ;
And oceans from their mighty mounds recoil.
When tyrants scourge, or demagogues embroil
A land, or when the rabble’s headlong rage
Order transforms to anarchy and spoil,
Deep vers’d in man, the philosophic Sage
Prepares with lenient hand their frenzy to as-
suage.

‘ ’Tis he alone, whose comprehensive mind,
From situation, temper, soil, and clime
Explor’d, a nation’s various powers can bind
And various orders, in one form sublime
Of polity, that, midst the wrecks of time,
Secure shall lift its head on high, nor fear
Th’ assault of foreign or domestic crime,
While public faith, and public love sincere,
And Industry and Law maintain their sway
severe.’

Enraptur’d by the Hermit’s strain, the youth
Proceeds the path of Science to explore,
And now, expanding to the beams of Truth,
New energies, and charms unknown before,
His mind discloses: Fancy now no more
Wantons on fickle pinion through the skies;
But fix’d in aim, and conscious of her power,
Sublime from cause to cause exults to rise,
Creation’s blended stores arranging as she flies.

Nor love of novelty alone inspires,
Their laws and nice dependencies to scan;
For, mindful of the aids that life requires,
And of the services man owes to man,
He meditates new arts on Nature’s plan;
The cold desponding breast of Sloth to warm,
The flame of Industry and Genius fan,
And Emulation’s noble rage alarm,
And the long hours of Toil and Solitude to
charm,

But she, who set on fire his infant heart,
And all his dreams and all his wanderings shar'd
And bless'd, the Muse and her celestial art,
Still claim th' enthusiast's fond and first regard.
From Nature's beauties variously compar'd
And variously combin'd, he learns to frame
Those forms of bright perfection, which the
bard, [flame,
While boundless hopes and boundless views in-
Enamour'd consecrates to never-dying fame.

Of late, with cumbersome, though pompous
show,
Edwin would oft his flowery rhyme deface,
Through ardour to adorn; but Nature now
To his experienc'd eye a modest grace
Presents, where ornament the second place
Holds, to intrinsic worth and just design
Subservient still. Simplicity apace
Tempers his rage: he owns her charm divine,
And clears th' ambiguous phrase, and lops th' un-
wieldy line.

Fain would I sing (much yet unsung remains)
What sweet delirium o'er his bosom stole,
When the great shepherd of the Mantuan plains*
His deep majestic melody 'gan roll: [soul,
Fain would I sing, what transport storm'd his
How the red current throb'd his veins along,
When, like Pelides, bold beyond controul,
Gracefully terrible, sublimely strong,
Homer rais'd high to Heav'n the loud, th' impo-
tuous song.

* Virgil.

And how his lyre, though rude her first essays,
 Now skill'd to sooth, to triumph, to complain,
 Warbling at will through each harmonious maze,
 Was taught to modulate the artful strain,
 I fain would sing:—but ah! I strive in vain,—
 Sighs from a breaking heart my voice confound.
 With trembling step, to join yon weeping train
 I haste, where gleams funereal glare around,
 And mix'd with shrieks of woe the knells of death
 resound.

Adieu, ye lays that Fancy's flowers adorn,
 The soft amusement of the vacant mind!
 He sleeps in dust, and all the Muses mourn.
 He, whom each virtue fir'd, each grace refin'd,
 Friend, teacher, pattern, darling of mankind*!
 He sleeps in dust.—Ah, how should I pursue
 My theme!--To heart-consuming grief resign'd,
 Here on his recent grave I fix my view,
 And pour my bitter tears.—Ye flowery lays, adieu!

Art thou, my G*****, for ever fled?
 And am I left to unavailing woe?
 When Fortune's storms assail this weary head,
 Where cares long since have shed untimely
 Ah, now for comfort whither shall I go? [snow,
 No more thy soothing voice my anguish cheers:
 Thy placid eyes with smiles no longer glow,
 My hopes to cherish, and allay my fears.—
 'Tis meet that I should mourn:—flow forth afresh
 my tears. *Beattie.*

* This excellent person died suddenly, on the 10th of February, 1773. The conclusion of the poem was written a few days after.

THE TRIUMPHS OF TEMPER.

THE mind's soft guardian, who, though yet unsung
Inspires with harmony the female tongue,
And gives, improving every tender grace,
The smile of angels to a mortal face ;
Her powers I sing ; and scenes of mental strife,
Which form the maiden for th' accomplish'd wife ;
Where the sweet victor sees, with sparkling eyes,
Love her reward, and happiness her prize.
Daughters of beauty, who the song inspire,
To your enchanting notes attune my lyre !
And oh ! if haply your soft hearts may gain
Or use, or pleasure, from the motley strain,
Though formal critics with a surly frown,
Deny your artless bard the laurel crown,
He still shall triumph, if ye deign to spread,
Your sweeter myrtle round his honour'd head.

In your bright circle young Serena grew ;
A lovelier nymph the pencil never drew ;
For the fond Graces form'd her easy mien,
And Heaven's soft azure in her eye was seen.
She seem'd a rose-bud, when it first receives
The genial sun in its expanding leaves :
For now she enter'd those important years,
When the full bosom swells with hopes and fears ;
When conscious nature prompts the secret sigh,
And sheds sweet languor o'er the melting eye ;
When nobler toys the female heart trepan,
And dolls rejected, yield their place to man.

Beneath a father's care Serena grew :
The good sir Gilbert, to his country true,

A faithful Whig, who, zealous for the state,
In freedom's service, led the loud debate ;
Yet every day, by transmutation rare,
Turn'd to a Tory in his elbow-chair,
And made his daughter pay, howe'er absurd,
Passive obedience to his sovereign word.

In his domestic sway he borrow'd aid
From prim Penelope, an ancient maid,
His upright sister, conscious of her worth,
Who valued still her beauty and her birth ;
Though from her birth no envied rank she gain'd,
And of her beauty but the ghost remain'd ;
A restless ghost ! that with remembrance keen
Proclaim'd incessant what it once had been ;
Delighted still the steps of youth to haunt,
To watch the tender nymph, and warm gallant ;
And, with an eye that petrified pursuit,
Hang like the dragon o'er th' Hesperian fruit.

Though strictly guarded by this jealous power,
The mild Serena no restraint could sour :
Pure was her bosom as the silver lake,
Ere rising winds the ruffled water shake,
When the bright pageants of the morning sky
Across th' expansive mirror lightly fly,
By vernal gales in quick succession driven,
While the clear glass reflects the smile of Heaven.
In gay content a sportive life she led,
The child of Modesty, by Virtue bred :
Her light companions Innocence and Ease ;
Her hope was pleasure, and her wish to please :
For this, to Fashion early rites she paid ;
For this, to Venus secret vows she made ;
Nor held it sin to cast a private glance
O'er the dear pages of a new romance.

Eager in fiction's touching scenes to find
A field to exercise her youthful mind :
The touching scenes new energy impress'd
On all the virtues of her feeling breast.
Sweet Evelina's fascinating power
Had first beguil'd of sleep her midnight hour :
Possess'd by sympathy's enchanting sway
She read, unconscious of the dawning day.
The Modern Anecdote was next convey'd
Beneath her pillow by her faithful maid.
The nymph, attentive as the brooding dove,
Por'd o'er the tender scenes of Franzel's love :
The sinking taper now grew weak and pale ;
Serena sigh'd, and dropp'd th' unfinish'd tale ;
But, as warm clouds in vernal ether roll,
The soft ideas floated in her soul :
Free from ambitious pride, and envious care,
To love, and to be lov'd, was all her prayer :
While these fond thoughts her gentle mind pos-
Soft slumber settled on her snowy breast. [cess'd,
Scarce had her radiant eyes began to close :
When to her view a friendly vision rose :
A fairy phantom struck her mental sight,
Light as the gossamer, as ether bright ;
Array'd like Pallas was the pigmy form,
When the sage goddess stills the martial storm.
Her casque was amber, richly grac'd above
With down collected from the callow dove :
Her burnish'd breast-plate, of a deeper dye,
Was once the armour of a golden fly :
A lynx's eye her little egis shone
By fairy spells converted into stone,
And worn of old, as elfin poets sing,
By Egypt's lovely queen, a favourite ring :

Mysterious power was in the magic toy,
To turn the frowns of care to smiles of joy.
Her tiny lace, whose radiance stream'd afar,
Was one bright sparkle from the bridal star.
A filmy mantle round her figure play'd,
Fine as the texture, by Arachne laid
O'er some young plant, when glittering to the view
With many an orient pearl of morning dew.
The phantom hover'd o'er the conscious fair
With such a lively smile of tender care,
As on her elfin lord Titania cast,
When first she found his angry spell was past.
Round her rich locks Serena'chanc'd to tie
An ample ribband of cerulean dye ;
High o'er her forehead rose the graceful bow,
Whose arch commanded the sweet scene below :
The hovering spirit view'd the tempting spot,
And lightly perch'd on this unbending knot ;
As the fair flutterer, of Psyche's race,
Is seen to terminate her airy chase, [close,
When, pleas'd at length her quivering wings to
Fondly she settles on the fragrant rose.

Now in soft notes, more musically clear
Than ever fairy breath'd in mortal ear,
These words the visionary voice convey'd
To the charm'd spirit of the sleeping maid :

'Thou'darling of my care, whose ripen'd worth
Shall spread my empire o'er the smiling earth ;
Whom Nature bless'd, forbidding modish art
To cramp thy spirit, or contract thy heart ;
Screen'd from thy thought, nor in thy visions felt,
Long on thy opening mind I've fondly dwelt ;
In childhood's sorrows brought thee quick relief,
And dried thy April showers of infant grief :

Taught thee to laugh at the malicious boy,
Who broke thy playthings with a barbarous joy,
To bear what ills the little female haunt,
The testy nurse, th' imperious governante,
And that tyrannic pest, the prying maiden aunt. }
Now ripening years a nobler scene supply :
For life now opens on thy sparkling eye :
Thy rising bosom swells with just desire
Rapture to feel, and rapture to inspire :
Not the vain bliss, the transitory joys,
That childish woman feels in radiant toys ;
The costly diamond, or the lighter pearl,
The massive nabob, or the tinsel earl
Thy heart demands, each meaner aim above,
Th' imperishable wealth of sterling love ;
Thy wish, to please by every softer grace
Of elegance and ease, of form and face !
By lively fancy and by sense refin'd,
The stronger magic of the cultur'd mind !
Thy pure ambition, and thy virtuous plan,
To fix the variable heart of man !
Short is the worst ip paid at beauty's shrine ;
But lasting love and happiness are mine :
Mine, though the Earth's mistaken, blinded race,
Despise my influence, and my name debase ;
Nor breathe one vow to that ethereal friend,
On whom the colours of their life depend.
But to thy innocence I now display
The mystic marvels of my secret sway ;
And tell, in this thy fate-deciding hour,
My race, my name, my office, and my power.

‘First, hear what wonders human forms contain !
And learn the texture of the female brain !

By Nature's care in curious order spread,
This living net is fram'd of tender thread ;
Fine, as thy hand, some favour'd youth to grace,
Knits with nice art to form the mimic lace.
Within the centre of this fretted dome,
Her secret tower, her heaven-constructed home,
Soft sensibility, sweet beauty's soul !
Keeps her coy state, and animates the whole,
Invisible as harmony, who springs,
Wak'd by young Zephyr, from Æolian strings :
Her subtle power, more delicately fine,
Dwells in each thread, and lives in every line,
Whose quick vibrations, without end impart
Pleasure and pain to the responsive heart.
As Zephyr's breath the willing chord inspires,
Whispering soft music to the trembling wires,
So with fond care I regulate, unseen,
The softer movements of this nice machine ;
Temper my earthly name, the nurse of Love !
But call'd Sophrosyne in realms above !
When lovely woman, perfect at her birth,
Bless'd with her early charms the wond'ring earth,
Her soul, in sweet simplicity array'd,
Nor shar'd my guidance, nor requir'd my aid.
Her tender frame, nor confident nor coy,
Had every fibre tun'd to gentle joy :
No vain caprices swell'd her pouting lip ;
No gold produc'd a mercenary trip ;
Soft innocence inspir'd her willing kiss,
Her love was nature, and her life was bliss.
Guide of his reason, not his passion's prey,
She tam'd the savage, man, who bless'd her
away.

No jarring wishes fill'd the world with woes,
But youth was ecstasy, and age repose.

The powers of mischief met, in dark divan,
To blast these mighty joys of envied man:
The fiends, at their infernal leader's call,
Fram'd their base wiles in Demogorgan's hall.
In the deep centre of that dreadful dome,
An hellish cauldron boil'd with fiery foam:
In this wide urn the circling spirits threw
Ingredients harsh, and hideous to the view;
While the terrific master of the spell
With adjurations shook the depths of hell,
And in dark words, unmeet for mortal ear,
Bade the dire offspring of his art appear.
Forth from the vase, with sullen murmurs broke
A towering mass of pestilential smoke:
Emerging from this fog of thickest night,
A phantom swells, by slow degrees, to sight;
But ere the view can seize the forming shape,
From the mock'd eye its lineaments escape:
It seem'd all passions melted into one,
Assum'd the face of all, and yet was none:
Hell stood aghast at its portentous mien,
And shuddering demons call'd the spectre Spleen.
' Hie thee to Earth!' its mighty master cried,
' O'er the vex'd globe in heavy vapours ride!
Within its centre fix thy shadowy throne!
With shades thy subjects, and that hell thy own!
Reign there unseen! but let thy strong controul
Be hourly felt in woman's wayward soul!
With darkest poisons from our deep abyss,
Taint that pure fountain of terrestrial bliss!
Th' enormous phantom, at this potent sound,
Roll'd forth obedient from the vast profound:

The quaking fiends recover'd from their dread,
And heli grew lighter, as the monster fled.
But now round Earth the gliding vapours run,
Blot the rich ether, and eclipse the Sun ;
All Nature sickens ; and her fairest flower,
Enchanting woman, feels the baneful power :
As in her soul the clouds of Spleen arise,
The sprightly essence of her beauty flies :
In youth's gay prime, in hours with rapture warm,
Love looks astonish'd on her altering form :
To pleasing frolics, and enchanting wiles,
Life-darting looks, and soul-subduing smiles,
Dark whims succeed : thick coming fancies fret ;
The sullen passion, and the hasty pet ;
The swelling lip, the tear-distended eye,
The peevish question, the perverse reply ;
The moody humour, that, like rain and fire,
Blends cold disgust with unsubdu'd desire,
Flies what it loves, and, petulantly coy,
Feigns proud abhorrence of the proffer'd joy :
For Nature's artless aim, the wish to please
By genuine modesty, and simple ease,
Fashion's pert tricks the crowded brain oppress
With all the poor parade of tawdry dress :
The sickly bosom pants for noise and show,
For every bauble, and for every beau ;
The voice, that health made harmony, disowns
That native charm for languor's mimic tones ;
And feigns disease, till, feeling what it feigns,
Its fancied maladies are real pains.
Such, and a thousand still superior woes,
From Spleen's new empire o'er the Earth arose :
Each simple dictate of the soul forgot,
Then first was form'd the mercenary plot ;

And beauty practis'd that pernicious art,
The art of angling for an old man's heart ;
Though crawling to his bride with tottering knees ,
His words were dotage, and his love disease.
From sex to sex this base contagion ran,
And gold grew beauty in the eyes of man :
Courtship was traffic : and the married life
But one loud jangle of incessant strife.

The gentle sprite, who, on his radiant ear,
Shines the mild regent of the evening-star,
And joys from thence those genial rays to shed,
That lead the bridegroom to the nuptial bed,
While Earth's new ills his friendly soul absorb,
From Cynthia call'd me to his kindred orb ;
And, eager to redress the woes of man,
The brilliant son of Vesper thus began :
' Thou softest being of th' ethereal kind,
Be thy benignant cares no more confin'd
To smooth the ruffled plume of Zephyr's wing,
To guard from cruel frost the infant spring,
To drive gross atoms from the rays of noon,
Or chase the halo from the vapourish Moon !
Thy friendly nature will not now deny
To quit for nobler toils thy native sky ;
Thou seest how Spleen's infernal vapours roll
Across the sweet serene of woman's soul ;
And Earth, which darkens as her beauties fade,
Must grow a second Hell without thy aid :
Take then thy station ! fix thy nobler reign
O'er those fine chords that form the female brain
That us'd, e'er injured by the rust of Spleen,
To fill with harmony the human scene !
Go ! lest her touch their tender tones destroy,
Teach them to vibrate to thy notes of joy !

Go! and restore, by stilling mental strife,
Health to faint love, and happiness to life!
So spake that friend of man, who lights above
His heavenly lamp of hymeneal love:
In his just aim my kindred spirit join'd,
And flew obedient to the charge assign'd.
Hence, as the bias sways th' unconscious bowl,
I long unseen have sway'd the careless soul;
Though oft I feel my power by Spleen subdu'd,
In the shrill vixen, and the sullen prude,
In some fair forms my soft dominion grows,
Like fragrance rising from the opening rose:
Still I preserve, in many a lovely face,
That gay good humour, and that constant grace,
Which heavenly powers united to enfold
In perfect woman's new-created mould;
When Nature, in her infant beauty bless'd,
The last and loveliest of her works caress'd.
But of those nymphs, who, delicately fair,
Draw their soft graces from my forming care,
My young Serena shines her peers above,
Pride of my hopes, and darling of my love.
Hence I to thee such mysteries unfold,
As man's pedantic eye shall ne'er behold;
Whose narrow science, though it proudly boast
To pierce the sky, and count the starry host,
Sees not the lucid band of airy powers,
Who flutter round him in his secret hours:
But if to me, thy guardian now display'd,
Thy duteous orisons are justly paid,
Thou to those realms shalt pass with me thy guide,
Where Spleen's pale victims, after death, reside;
Then to that orb in vision shalt thou rise,
Unseen by mortal astronomic eyes,

Where I—but first let me thy soul prepare
To meet our secret foe's insidious snare !
'Tis my fond purpose in thy form to show
The sweetest model of my skill below :
A youth I destine to thy dear embrace,
Crown'd with each mental charm, and manly grace
With whom thy innocence, secure from strife,
Shall reap the beauteous joys of blameless life.
Pleas'd I observe thy little heart begin
To ask, what charms the mighty prize may win :
But know, though Elegance herself be seen
To guide thy motion, and to form thy mien ;
Though Beauty o'er thy filial cheek diffuse
The soft enchantment of her roseate hues,
Not from their favour shall this glory rise !
Temper shall singly gain the splendid prize :
The sudden conquest shall be mine alone,
And Love with transport shall my triumph own.
Such are my hopes ; but I with pain relate
What hard conditions are annex'd by fate :
As chemic fires, that patient labour blows,
Draw the rich perfume from the Persian rose,
So must thou form, by fiery toils refin'd,
The living essence of thy sweeter mind.
Dimly I see, on Destiny's dull glass,
Three dangerous trials 'tis thy doom to pass ;
And, oh ! if once, forgetful of my power,
Good-humour fail thee in the fateful hour,
Farewell those joys that wait the happy wife !
Farewell the vision of unclouded life !

' Fain would my love thy secret perils show,
Which fate allows not even me to know :
In Spleen's dark court a thousand agents dwell,
Who bind her victims in the wayward spell ;

Perchance three prime supporters of her sway,
 The busiest of her fiends may cross thy way :
 Stern Contradiction, her ill-favour'd child,
 Of fierce demeanour, and of spirit wild,
 Bane of delight ! and horror of the sex !
 His plan to puzzle, and his pride to vex !—
 Or Scandal, filthy hag ! who blindly limps
 Round the wide Earth, supported by her imps,
 Her inky demons, who delight to print
 Her base suggestion, and her envious hint !—
 Or groundless Jealousy, pert changeling ! born
 Of amorous Vanity, and angry Scorn,
 Whose bitter taunts with public insult dare
 Basely to wound the unoffending fair,
 Proud the sweet joys of innocence to crush,
 And spread o'er beauty's cheek the burning blush
 Whether these kindred fiends, or one or all,
 Shall aim thy airy spirit to enthrall,
 Are points, my fondness tries in vain to reach ;
 But trust my caution ! and beware of each !

‘ Lest to thy lively mind my words may seem
 The vain chimera of a common dream,
 By one unquestionable sign be taught
 To prize my presence in thy waking thought !
 An azure ribband, on thy toilet thrown,
 Shall make the magic of my empire known :
 On this thy sportive needle tried its powers ;
 And silver spangles form'd the mimic flowers ;
 On these my love shall breathe a secret charm ;
 With this, my cestus, thy soft bosom arm !
 Above it let the decent tucker rise,
 To hide the mystic band from mortal eyes !
 When Spleen's dark powers would teach that breast
 to swell,
 This guardian cincture shall those powers repel ;

As the touch'd talisman, more swift than thought
To save her charge, th' Arabian fairy brought ;
So shall this zone, if justly I'm obey'd,
Bring my soft spirit to thy certain aid.
In love's great name observe this high behest !
Revere my power—be gentle, and be bless'd !

Here the kind sprite her friendly counsel clos'd,
And lightly vanish'd—still Serena doz'd ;
Still in sweet trance she fondly seem'd to hear
The soft persuasion vibrate in her ear.
But waking now far different notes she found ;
Less pleasing echoes in her chamber sound :
For now the heralds of the London day
Sing their loud matins in th' uncrowded way
Th' impatient milkmaid now, with early din,
Screams to the rattle of her pail of tin ;
With sweeps faint cry, and, latest of the crew,
The deep-ton'd music of the murmuring Jew.

YE radiant nymphs ! whose opening eyes convey
Warmth to the world, and lustre to the day !
Think what o'ershadowing clouds may cross your
Before those lovely lids shall close again ! [brain,
What funds of patience twelve long hours may ask,
When cold Discretion claims her daily task !
Ah, think betimes ! and, while your morning care
Sheds foreign odours o'er your fragrant hair,
Tinge your soft spirit with that mental sweet,
Which may not be exhal'd by passion's heat ;
But charm the sense, with undecaying power,
Through every chance of each diurnal hour !

Oh! might you all perceive your toilets crown'd
With such cosmetics as Serena found!
For, to the warning vision fondly true,
Now the quick fair-one to the toilet flew:
With keen delight her ravish'd eye survey'd
The mystic ribband on her mirror laid:
Bright shone the azure as Aurora's car,
And every spangle seem'd a living star:
With sportive grace the smiling damsel press'd
The guardian cincture to her snowy breast,
More lovely far than Juno, when she strove
To look most lovely in the eyes of Jove;
And willing Venus lent her every power,
That sheds enchantment o'er the amorous hour:
For spells more potent on this band were thrown,
Than Venus boasted in her beauteous zone.
Her dazzling cestus could alone inspire
The sudden impulse of short-liv'd desire:
These finer threads with lasting charms are fraught,
Here lies the tender, but unchanging thought,
Silence, that wins where eloquence is vain,
And tones, that harmonize the mad'ning brain,
Soft sighs, that anger cannot hear, and live,
And smiles, that tell how truly they forgive;
And lively grace, whose gay diffusive light
Puts the black phantoms of the brain to flight,
Whose cheering powers through every period last,
And make the present happy as the past.

Such secret charms this richer zone possess'd,
Whose flowers, now sparkling on Serena's breast,
Give, though unseen, those swelling orbs they bind,
Smiles to her face, and beauty to her mind:
For now, observant of the sprite's behest,
The nymph conceals them by her upper vest:

Safe lies the spell, no mortal may descry,
Not keen Penelope's all-piercing eye ;
Who constant, as the steps of morn advance,
Surveys the household with a searching glance,
And entering now, with all her usual care,
Reviews the chamber of the youthful fair.
Beneath the pillow, not completely hid.
The novel lay—she saw—she seiz'd—she chid :
With rage and glee her glaring eye-balls flash,
' Ah, wicked age ! ' she cries, ' ah, filthy trash,
From the first page my just abhorrence springs ;
For modern anecdotes are monstrous things :
Yet will I see what dangerous poisons lurk,
To taint thy youth, in this licentious work.'
She said : and rudely from the chamber rush'd,
Her pallid cheek with expectation flush'd,
With ardent hope her eager spirit shook,
Vain hope ! to banquet on a luscious book.
So if a priest, of the Arabian sect,
In Turkish hands forbidden wine detect,
The sacred mussulman, with pious din,
Arraigns the culprit, and proclaims the sin,
Curses with holy zeal th' inflaming juice,
But, cursing, takes it for his secret use.

The gay Serena, with unruffled mind,
The pleasing novel, thus unread, resign'd.
The vision on her soul such virtue left,
She only smil'd at the provoking theft ;
The teasing incident she deem'd a jest,
Nor felt the zone grow tighter on her breast.

Now in full charms descends the finish'd fair,
For now the morning banquet claims her care ;
Already at the board, with viands pill'd,
Her sire impatient sits, and chides his tardy child.

On his imperial lips rude hunger reigns
And keener politics usurp his brains :
But when her love-inspiring voice he hears,
When the soft magic of her smile appears,
In that glad moment he at once forgets
His empty stomach, and the Nation's debts :
He bends to Nature's more divine controul,
And only feels the father in his soul.
Quick to his hand behold her now present
The Indian liquor of celestial scent !
Not with more grace the nectar'd cup is given
By rose-lip'd Hebe to the Lord of Heaven.
While her fair hands a fresh libation pour,
Fashion's loud thunder wakes the sounding door
The light Serena to the window springs,
On curiosity's amusive wings :
Her quick eyes sparkle with surprise, to see
The glories of a golden vis-à-vis :
Its glittering tablet gleam'd with mimic pearl,
And the rich coronet announc'd an earl.
The good old knight grew somewhat proud to hear
Of this new visit from the early peer :
Serena recollects the vision's truth,
And, fluttering, hopes it is the promis'd youth :
Penelope from her high chamber peeps ;
There her unfinished charms she coyly keeps :
With sage reserve her modesty abhorr'd
To show her morning face before a lord.

The peer alights: the well-rang'd vassals bawl
His sounding title through the spacious hall,
Till in the deep saloon's extremest bound
Th' ear-tickling words, ' Lord Filligree,' resound.
As when great Hector, setting war apart,
Advanc'd to parley, with his spear athwart,

The Greeks beheld him with a still delight;
And silent reverence stopp'd the rising fight;
With such respect, but unchastis'd by fear,
Sir Gilbert and the nymph first meet the peer;
And, while his morning compliments commence,
The slighted breakfast stands in cold suspense.
But far unlike to Hector's ruder grace
His modern stature, and his modish face!
Nor less he differs from those barons old
Whose arms are blazon'd on his car of gold;
Whose prostrate castle guarded once the lands,
Where, spruce in motley pride, his villa stands,
By Taste erected, in her trimmest mode,
Her mushroom structure, and her quaint abode.

As the neat daisy to the Sun's broad flower,
As the French boudoir to the Gothic tower,
Such is the peer whom fashion much admires,
Compar'd in person to his ancient sires:
For their broad shoulder, and their brawny calf,
Their coarse loud language, and their coarser laugh,
His finer form, more elegantly slim,
Displays the fashionable length of limb:
With foreign shrugs his country he regards.
And her lean tongue with foreign words he lards;
While Gallic graces, who correct his style,
Forbid his mirth to pass beyond a smile.
As the nice workman in the wooden trade,
Hides his coarse ground, with finest woods o'erlaid,
Thus our young lord, with fashion's phrase refin'd,
Fineer'd the mean interior of his mind:
And hence, in courtesy's soft lustre seen,
His spirit shone as graceful as his mien.
The artless fair, on fashion's kind report,
Thought him the mirror of a matchless court:

Much she his dress, his language much observes,
Whose finer accents prove his feeling nerves.
Her fancy now the destin'd lover spies,
But her free heart adjures the quick surmise ;
Yet as he spoke, at every flattering word
The vision's promise to her thought recurr'd.
Far more parental pride contrives to blind
The good Sir Gilbert's more experienc'd mind,
Who fondly saw, and at the prospect smil'd,
A future countess in his favourite child.
But what new flutterings shook Serena's breast,
What hopes and fears the modest nymph oppress'd,
When with a simpering smile, and soft regard,
The peer display'd a mirth-expressive card,
Where the gay Graces, in a sportive band,
Show the sweet art of Cipriani's hand ;
Where, in their train, his airy cupids throng,
And laughing drag a comic mask along !
' We,' cries my lord, with self-sufficient joy,
Twirling, with lordly airs, the graceful toy,
' We, who possess true science, we, who give
The world a lesson in the art to live,
We for the fair a splendid fête design,
And pay our homage thus at Beauty's shrine.'
He spoke ! and speaking to the blushing maid,
With modish ease th' inviting card convey'd,
Where Mirth announc'd her masque-dévoted hour
In characters entwin'd with many a flower :

The blushing maid, with eyes of quick desire,
View'd it, and felt her little soul on fire ;
For of all scenes she had not yet survey'd,
Her heart most panted for a masquerade :
But her gay hopes increasing terrors drown,
And dread forebodings of her father's frown.

In mute suspense to read his thought she tries,
And strongly pleads with her prevailing eyes,
Her eyes, for doubt enchain'd her modest tongue,
While on his sovereign word her pleasure hung.
With such a tender, and persuasive air
Of soft endearment, and of anxious care,
Thetis attended from th' almighty sire
His fateful answer to her fond desire :
The good old knight, like the Olympian god,
Bless'd the fair suppliant with his gracious nod ;
Her lively spirit the kind signal took,
And her glad heart in every fibre shook,
The party settled, it imports not how,
The peer politely made his parting bow :
The nymph, with eyes that sparkled joyous fire,
Kiss'd the round cheek of her complying sire,
Then swiftly flew, and summon'd to her aid
Th' important counsel of her favourite maid,
To vent her joy, and, as the moments press,
So fix that first of points, a fancy-dress.

Quick as the poet's eyes o'er nature fly,
Piercing the deep, or traversing the sky,
With such light speed her fond ideas glance
O'er play and poem, story and romance,
While all the characters, she e'er has read,
Flash on her brain, and fill her busy head.

Now in Diana's form she hopes to meet
A fond Endymion sighing at her feet ;
Now her proud thought terrestrial pomp assumes,
And Dian's crescent yields to Indian plumes ;
Now, in the habit of the Grecian isles,
She hears some Osman suing for her smiles,
And sees his soul that blaze of dress outshine,
Whose wealth impoverish'd a diamond-mine ;

Now simpler charms her quick attention draw,
 The rose-crown'd bonnet, and the hat of straw,
 A village-maid she seems, in neat attire,
 A faithful shepherd now her sole desire.
 Thus, as new figures in her fancy throng,
 ' She's every thing by starts, and nothing long ;'
 But, in the space of one revolving hour,
 Flies through all states of poverty and power,
 All forms, on whom her veering mind can pitch,
 Sultana, gipsy, goddess, nymph, and witch.
 At length her soul with Shakspeare's magic fraught,
 The wand of Ariel fix'd her roving thought ;
 Ariel's light graces all her heart possess,
 And Jenny's order'd to prepare the dress.
 It seems already bought, with fond applause ;
 An azure tissue, and a silver gauze ;
 Too soon, alas ! that garb of heavenly hue
 The ready mercer flashes to her view.
 Ah, blind to fate ! how oft the youthful belle
 Fee's her gay heart at sight of tissue swell !
 And thinks the fashionable silk must prove
 Her robe of triumph, and a spell to love !
 To thee, sweet maid, whose pleasure-darting
 eyes
 Joy in this favourite vest, an hour shall rise,
 When thou shalt hate the silk so fondly sought,
 And wish thy silver-spotted gauze unbought :
 For busy Spleen thy trial now prepares ;
 Darkly she forms her unsuspected snares.

• *Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuræ,
 Et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis
 Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum
 Intactum Pallanta, et cum spolia ista diem que
 Oderit.* *Æneid, x. v. 501, et seq.*

And, keen to raise her pleasure-killing storm,
 Assumes Penelope's congenial form.
 In that prim shape, which all the Graces shun,
 See the sour fiend to good sir Gilbert run!
 Where, deeply pondering the public debt,
 Silent he muses o'er a new Gazette!
 Ent'ring, she view'd, with eyes of envious spite,
 The card, that spoke the masque-devoted night:
 Eager she darted on the graceful toy,
 And, fiercely pointing to each naked boy,
 'Canst thou,' she cried, in a discordant scream,
 That rous'd the politician from his dream,
 While with her voice the echoing chamber rings,
 'Say! canst thou suffer these flagitious things?
 Are these devices to thy daughter brought,
 That wake such gross impurity of thought;
 In vain are all the prudent words I preach,
 The modest maxims that I strive to teach;
 By foolish fondness of your sense beguil'd,
 You still indulge, and spoil the flippant child:
 For me, whate'er I say is deem'd absurd;
 She scorns my sage advice:—but mark my word,
 If to this ball you let the hoyden run,
 Your power is ended, and the girl undone,'
 The patriot knight, by interruption vex'd,
 In his political pursuits perplex'd,
 While he with wrath th' intruding mischief eyed,
 Stern to the false Penelope replied:
 'Go! teasing prude, cease in my ears to vent
 Thy envious pride, and peevish discontent?
 To me of prudence canst thou vainly boast?
 Of all my household, thou hast plagu'd me most:
 * *Ζευ πατερ, ου νεμεσιζη, ορῶν ταδε χαρτερα
 εργα. &c.* Iliad ε. v. 872. et seq.

The joys thou blamest are thy dear delight,
By day the visit, and the ball by night :
And, though too old a lover to trepan,
Thy midnight dream, thy morning thought, is man.
Wert thou less closely to my blood allied,
Thou shouldst, to cure thee of thy canting pride,
Be sent to sigh alone o'er purling brooks,
Scold village maids, and croak to croaking rooks.*

He spoke indignant: the sly fiend withdrew,
Nor inly griev'd ; for well her force she knew.
As Indian females, in a jealous hour,
Of secret poison try the subtlest power,
Which sure, though slow, corrodes th' unconscious
prey,

And ends its triumph on a distant day :
Thus the departing fury left behind
Her venom, latent in Sir Gilbert's mind,
The hidden mischief though no eye observes,
He feels it fretting on his alter'd nerves ;
But the kind habit of his healthy soul
Still struggled hard against its base controul.
Now Spleen's dark vapours, in his bosom hid,
Prompt him the promis'd pleasure to forbid ;
Now Love's soft pleadings that dire thought
destroy,

And save the blossom of his daughter's joy ;
Her envious aunt now serves him for a jest,
And gay good-humour reassumes his breast.

While Spleen's dark power now sinks, and now
revives,
At length the day, th' important day, arrives,
Which in his breast must end the close debate,
And fix the colour of Serena's fate.

Now comes the hour, when the convivial knight
Waits to begin the dinner's cheerful rite :

His fond heart ever, with a father's pride,
Joys to behold his darling at his side ;
But most the absence of her smile he feels
In the gay season of his social meals :
Hence, while for her the rich repast attends,
His hasty summons to the nymph he sends :
The happy nymph superior cares induce
To risk his anger by a rash excuse :
She craves his pardon ; but, for time distress'd,
She still is busy on her magic vest !
To range her diamonds in a sparkling zone,
She begs to snatch her scanty meal alone.

The knight in sullen state begins to dine :
Spleen, like a harpy, flutters o'er his wine :
Invisible she poisons every dish,
Tinging with gall his mutton, fowl, and fish.
The more he eats, the more perverse he grows ;
For as his hunger sunk, his choler rose.
The cloth remov'd, he cries, with vapours sick,
' The pears are mellow, and the port is thick ;'
Though nicer fruit Pomona never knew,
And his rich wine surpass'd the ruby's hue !

A thousand times his dizzy brain revolves,
A stern command : now doubts, and now resolves
To bid the nymph descend, and disarray'd,
Quit her dear project of the masquerade :
As oft kind nature to his heart recurr'd,
And love parental stopp'd the cruel word.

Meantime, unconscious of the brooding storm,
The nymph exults in her improving form :
Gay is her smile, as those the queen of love
Darts on the Graces in her court above,
While they contrive, with love-inspiring cares,
New modes of beauty for the robe she wears.

At length, each duty of the toilet past,
The glance of triumph on the mirror cast,
Now the light wand our finish'd Ariel arms;
Glad Jenny glories in her lady's charms;
And gives full utterance as she smoothes her vest
To the sweet bodings of Serena's breast.

Oh! lovely bias of the female soul!
Which trembling points to pleasure's distant pole;
Which with fond trust on flattering hope relies, }
O'erleaps each peril, that in prospect lies, }
And springing to the goal, anticipates the prize!
Such was Serena's fear-discarding state;
Her eye beheld not the dark frowns of fate:
She only saw, the combat all forgot,
The triumph promis'd as her glorious lot.

Now, eager to display her light attire,
The sprightly damsel seeks her sullen sire;
His gloomy brow with sportive air she kiss'd:
Ah! how could Spleen that magic lip resist?
That voice, whose melting music might assuage
The scorpion Anger's self-tormenting rage?
For ne'er did nature to a sire's embrace
Present a filial form of softer grace;
Or fancy view a shape of lovelier kind
In the bright mirror of her Shakspeare's mind.

The sulky fiend, in spite of all her art,
Had now been banish'd from the father's heart,
But that, resolv'd her utmost force to try,
She summon'd to her aid her old ally,
The fiery demon, temper-troubling Gout,
Who sinks the lively, and appals the stout;
Who now, assisting Spleen's malignant aim,
Shoots in quick throbbings through sir Gilbert's
frame.

Thus sorely pester'd by a double foe,
Galling his giddy brain, and burning toe,
The testy knight, with stern and sullen air,
Denounc'd his humour to the shudd'ring fair.
'Go change your dress! give up this vain delight!
I will not hear of masquerades to-night:
Your chaperone's inform'd she need not wait,
So change your dress! and sit with me sedate.'

As the proud dame, whose avaricious glee
Built golden castles in the rich South Sea,
Gaz'd on her broker, when he told her first
Her wealth was vanish'd, and the bubble burst:
So gaz'd the nymph, hearing her sire destroy
Her airy palace of ideal joy.
First her fond thoughts to flattering doubt incline;
And deem the harsh command no fix'd design,
But the quick sally of a peevish word,
That love revokes the moment it is heard:
Or haply mirth in mimic wrath express'd,
A feign'd forbiddance utter'd but in jest:
To this short hope her sinking spirit clung,
To see his softening eyes refute his tongue.
Ah, fruitless hope! for there she cannot find
The well-known signals of the friendly mind.
Stern contradiction, with the frown of fate,
On his dark visage reign'd in sullen state;
Felt in each feature, in each accent shown,
Lower'd in his look, and thunder'd in his tone.
Hence the warm bosom of the lively fair
Now shivers with the chill of blank despair;
Now disappointment's thick'ning shadows roll
A cloud of horror o'er the darken'd soul;
And fancy, in a sick delirium toss'd
Gives double value to each pleasure lost.

The blasted joys, she labours to forget,
Rush on her mind, and waken keen regret,
Her cheek turns pale—the tear prepares to start,
And palpitation heaves her swelling heart.
But here, Sophrosyne ! thy guardian aid
Saves from her potent foe the sinking maid.
Her bosom, into strong emotions thrown,
Now feels the pressure of thy friendly zone.
Swift thy kind cautions to her soul recur,
More quick to cancel faults, than prone to err.
As the rough swell of the insurgent tides
By the mild impulse of the Moon subsides :
So, by her mystic monitor repress'd,
The flood of passion leaves her lighten'd breast,
From her clear brain each cloudy vapour flies,
And joy's bright ray rekindles in her eyes.
Reviving gaiety full lustre spread
O'er all her features, and with smiles she said :
' Let others drive to pleasure's distant dome !
Be mine the dearer joy to please at home !'
Scarce had she spoke, when she with sportive
ease

Press'd her piano-forte's fav'rite keys,
O'er softest notes her rapid fingers ran,
Sweet prelude to the air she thus began :

Sophrosyne ! thou guard unseen !

Whose delicate controul

Can turn the discord of chagrin

To harmony of soul !

Above the lyre, the lute above,

Be mine thy melting tone,

Which makes the peace of all we love

The basis of our own !

So sung the nymph, not uninspired : the sprite
Invok'd so fondly in the mystic rite,
With richest music swell'd her warbling throat,
And gave new sweetness to her sweetest note.
As when the seraph Uriel first begun
His carol to the new-created Sun,
The sacred echo shook the vast profound,
And chaos perish'd at the potent sound :
So at the magic of Serena's strain,
Spleen vanish'd from her sire's chaotic brain ;
Whose fibres, lighten'd of that load, rejoice,
In the dear accents of her dulcet voice.
Much he inclines his mandate to recall
And send the fair-one to the promis'd ball ;
But stubborn pride forbids him to revoke
The solemn sentence, which ill-humour spoke
Still, conscious of her power, the nymph pro-
longs

The soft enchantment of her soothing songs !
Which his fond mind in firm attention keep,
To his fix'd hour of supper and of sleep :
This now arriv'd, the knight, retiring, shed,
A double blessing on his darling's head.
And with unusual exultation press'd
His lovely child to his parental breast.

Thus while to rest the happy sire withdrew,
The nymph, more happy, to her chamber flew ;
And, Jenny now dismiss'd, the grateful fair
Breathes to her guardian sprite this tender prayer :
'Thou kind preserver ! whose attentive zeal
Gives me in this contented hour to feel
That dearest pleasure of a soul refin'd,
The triumph of the self-corrected mind :

If, happy in the strength thy smiles impart,
 I own thy favour in no thankless heart,
 Still let me view thy form, so justly dear!
 Still in kind visions to these eyes appear!
 Thy friendly dictates teach me to fulfil!
 And let thy aid avert each future ill!

While fond devotion taught her thus to speak,
 The soft down sinks beneath her lovely cheek,
 And settling on her lips, that sweetly close,
 Silence, enamour'd, lulls her to repose.

CANTO III.

Ye kind transporters of th' excursive soul!
 Ye visions! that, when night enwraps the pole,
 The lively wanderer to new worlds convey,
 Escaping from her heavy house of clay,
 How could the gentle spirit, foe to strife,
 Bear without you this coil of waking life?
 Its grief-embitter'd cares, its joyless mirth,
 And all the flat realities of earth?
 Sweet phantoms; you the glowing hope inspire,
 You give to beauty charms, to fancy fire,
 When, soaring like the eagle's kindred frame,
 The poet dreams of everlasting fame;
 Or, tickled by the feather of the dove,
 The softer virgin dreams of endless love,
 There was a time, when Fortune's bright decrees
 Were seen to realize such dreams as these
 Now dangerous visions the fond mind decoy
 Vainly to pant for unexisting joy, [claim,
 While belles and hards with mournful sighs ex-
 Mortality has seiz'd both Love and Fame.

Ah, fair Serena, might the boast be ours
To clear from such a charge these heavenly powers!
Bless'd! might thy bard deserve in Fame to see
A guard as faithful, as Love proves to thee!
Bless'd! if that airy being gild his life,
Who sav'd thee trembling on the brink of strife,
And now, kind prompter of thy nightly dream,
Fill'd thy wrapp'd spirit with her sacred beam!
For soon as slumber set thy soul at large,
Thy guardian power revisited her charge:
And, lightly hovering o'er th' illumin'd bed,
Thus with fond smiles of approbation said:
' Well hast thou pass'd, sweet maid, one trying
One fiery ordeal of the tyrant Spleen: [scene,
Thus, my Serena, may thy force sustain
Each harder trial, that may yet remain?
Against the fiend to fortify thy soul,
By useful knowledge of her dark controul,
I come to show thee, what no mortal eye,
Save thine, was e'er permitted to descry;
The realms, where Spleen's infernal agents goad
The ghostly tenants of her drear abode.
Now summon all thy strength! throw fear aside,
And firmly trust in thy ethereal guide!'

She spoke: and through the night's surrounding
shade
Th' obedient nymph, not unappall'd, convey'd;
Through long, long tracts of darkness, on they
pass'd
With speed, that struck the trembling maid aghast,
Till now, recovering by degrees, she found
Her soft foot press upon the solid ground.
Encourag'd by her guide, at length she tries
To search the gloomy scene with anxious eyes.

‘ * Through me ye pass to Spleen’s terrific dome,
 Through me, to Discontent’s eternal home :
 Through me, to those who sadden human life
 By sullen humour or vexatious strife ;
 And here, through scenes of endless vapours hur’d,
 Are punish’d in the forms they plagued the world ;
 Justly they feel no joy, who none bestow,
 All ye who enter, every hope forego !’
 O’er an arch’d cavern, rough with horrid stone,
 On which a feeble light, by flashes, shone,
 These characters, that chill’d her soul with dread,
 Serena, fix’d in silent wonder, read.
 As she began to speak, her voice was drown’d
 By the shrill echo of far other sound :
 Forth from the portal lamentable cries
 Of wailing infants, without number, rise.
 Compassion to this poor and piteous flock
 Led the soft maid still nearer to the rock.
 The pining band within she now espied,
 And, touch’d with tender indignation, cried,
 ‘ How could these little forms, of life so brief,
 Deserve this dire abode of lasting grief?’
 ‘ — Well may thy gentle heart be sore concern’d
 At sight so moving,’ the mild sprite return’d ;
 ‘ Thou seest in those, whose wailings wound thy
 The puny progeny of modern peers : [ears,

* Per me si va nella citta dolente,
 Per me si va nell’ eterno dolore,
 Per me si va tra la perduta gente,

* * * * *
 Laschiate ogni speranza, voi ch’ intrate.
 Queste parole di colore oscuro
 Vid’ io scritte al sommo d’ una porta.

Dante, Inferno. 2.

Their sires, by avarice or ambition led,
Aliens to love, approach the nuptial bed ;
With proud indifference, and with cold distate,
Their homely brides reluctantly embrac'd,
And by such union gave disastrous birth
To these poor pale encumbrances of Earth,
Who, bred in vanity, with pride their dower,
Were Spleen's sure victims from their natal hour,
And in their splendid cradles pul'd and pin'd,
Till fate their ill-spun thread of life entwin'd,
And to this vestibule convey'd their ghosts,
To form the vanguard of th' infernal hosts.
But let not pity's ineffectual charm
Impede thy progress, or thy strength disarm !
Follow and fear not ! guarded by my care
From all the phantoms that around thee glare.'

She spoke ; and enter'd, ere the nymph replied,
A pass that open'd in the cavern's side,
Low, dark, and rocky—with her body bent,
Serena follow'd down the dire descent.
A sudden light soon struck her dazzled view ;
But 'twas a light of such infernal hue,
As double horror to the darkness gave,
With dread reflection from a dusky wave.
Round a black water tatter'd spectres stand,
With each a tiny taper in its hand ;
Fierce mendicants ! who strive some alms to win
From the fair wanderer with incessant din
The guardian spirit saw Serena grieve,
To hear of wants she knew not to relieve ;
And to the generous nymph in pity cries :
' The gulf of Indolence before us lies,
O'er whose dull flood, to which no bank is seen,
A boat must waft thee to the dome of Spleen.

These pallid figures, that around thee press,
And haunt thee with importunate distress,
On Earth were beggars of each different class,
Though blended here in one promiscuous mass.
The poor, who spurn'd kind industry's controul,
The rich, who begg'd from penury of soul:
Both by their abject pride alike debas'd,
Blasphem'd that nature, which they both disgrac'd,
And, hither by the sullen fiend convey'd,
Here still they ply their ineffectual trade;
In chase of each new passenger they run,
Condemn'd to beg from all, to gain by none.
But from these wretches turn thy fruitless care!
Behold the gulf before thee, and beware!
Nor touch the stream, which mortal sense o'er-
comes,

And by its baleful charm the soul benumbs!
'—Can mortal pass!' the shudd'ring nymph re-
plied,

' This sullen, slow, unnavigable tide,
In whose black current this enormous mound
Of shapeless stone appears, this horrid bound,
That seems an everlasting guard to keep
O'er the dull waters that beneath it creep?'

While yet she spoke, with a resounding shock,
Forth from the arch of the impending rock,
Which o'er the murmuring eddy hung so low,
The lazy river scarce had room to flow,
Of rude construction, and in roughest plight,
A boat now issued to Serena's sight;
An empty boat, that slowly to the shore
Advanc'd, without the aid of sail or oar;
Self-mov'd it seem'd, but soon the nymph beheld
A grisly figure, who the stern impell'd.

Wading behind, the horrid form appear'd ;
Above the water his strong arm he rear'd,
And cross the creeping flood the crazy vessel }
steer'd.

The heavenly sprite observ'd her trembling ward,
Whose growing fears the hideous pass abhorr'd,
And cheering thus she spake : ' This spectre boasts
The chief dominion of these dreary coasts :
To him, thy pilot, without dread consign,
And place thy body in his bark supine !
So through this arching rock thou'lt pass along,
Safe from the perils of th' incumbent stone :
Embark undaunted !—on the further side,
Thou'lt surely find me, thy unfailing guide,
Nor let this pilot raise thy groundless dread,
This sullen Charon of the froward dead,
A phantom, never bless'd with human life,
Though oft on Earth his noxious power is rife ;
And in that region, ne'er from error free,
The words he dictates are assign'd to me.
Observe this fiend, that Nature scorn'd to frame,
Offspring of Pride, and Apathy his name !
Passions he ne'er can feel, and ne'er impart,
A miscreated imp, without a heart ;
In place of which, his subtle parent pinn'd
A bladder, fill'd with circulating wind,
Which seems with mimic life the mass to warm,
And gives false vigour to his bloated form.
But place thee in the boat his arms direct,
My love shall watch thee, and my power protect.'

So spake the friendly sprite ; th' obedient maid
Her form along the narrow vessel laid :
But oh ! what terrors shake her tender soul,
As from the shore the bark begins to roll,

And, sever'd from her friend, her eyes discern
The steering spectre wading at the stern ;
Far stronger fears her resolution melt,
Than those, which erst the bard of Florence felt,
When, by the honour'd shade of Virgil led
Through all the dreary circles of the dead,
Hell's fiercest demons threaten'd to divide
The living poet from his shadowy guide ;
And bade him, friendless and alone, return,
Through the dire horrors of the dark sojourn.
Not long the lovely fair-one's terrors last,
For safely through the impending rock she pass'd :
And slow advancing to the gloomy strand,
The sullen pilot brings her safe to land.
There, fondly hovering on her guardian plumes,
The heavenly monitor her charge resumes ;
And smiling, leads along the rocky road,
Whose windings open into Spleen's abode. [spell

Thou queen of shades ! whose spirit-damping
Too oft is seen the poet's pride to quell,
May I, unpunish'd by thy subtle power,
Dare to display thy subterranean bower,
And to this wond'ring upper world explain
The shadowy horrors of thy secret reign ?

Entering beneath a wide fantastic arch,
Round the drear circuit of the dome they march ;
Which a pale flash from many a fiery sprite
Frequent illumines with intermitting light ;
Such, as on Earth, to Superstition's eye,
Denounces ruin from the northern sky,
While she discerns, amid the nightly glare,
Armies embattled in the blazing air.

Around the nymph unnumber'd phantoms glide,
Here swell the bloated race of bulky Pride :

In close and horrid union, there appear
The wilder progeny of frantic Fear ;
Mis-shapen monsters ! whose stupendous frame
Abhorrent Nature has refus'd to name.
Here, in camelion colours, lightly flit,
The motley offspring of disorder'd Wit.
All things prodigious the wide cave contain'd
And forms, beyond what fable ever feign'd :
But, as the worm, that on the dewy green
Springs half to view, and half remains unseen,
Perceiving near its cell a human tread,
Slinks back to earth, and hides its timid head :
So, where the heavenly spirit deign'd to lead,
The startled spectres from her step recede ;
And, as abash'd they from her eye retire,
Sink into mist, or melt in fluid fire.

High on an ebon throne, superbly wrought
With each fierce figure of fantastic thought,
In a deep cove, where no bright beam intrudes,
O'er her black schemes the sullen empress broods.
The screech-owl's mingled with the raven's plume
Shed o'er her furrow'd brows an awful gloom ;
A garb, that glares with stripes of lurid flame,
Wraps in terrific pomp her haggard frame ;
Round her a serpent, as her zone, is roll'd,
Which, writhing, stings itself in every fold,

Near her pavilion, in barbaric state,
Four mutes the mandates of their queen await.
From sickly Fancy bred, by sullen Sloth,
Both parents' curse, yet pamper'd still by both,
First stands Disease ; an hag of magic power,
Varying her frightful visage every hour,
Her horrors heightening as those changes last,
And each new form more hideous than the past.

Detraction next, a shapeless fiend, appears,
Whose shrivell'd hand a misty mirror tears;
Fram'd by malignant Art, th' infernal toy
Inverts the lovely mien of smiling Joy,
Robs roseate Beauty of attractive grace,
And gives a stepdame's frown to Nature's face.
The third in place, but with a fiercer air,
See the true gorgon, Disappointment, glare!
By whose petrific power Delight's o'erthrown;
And Hope's warm heart becomes an icy stone.
Last, in a gorgeous robe, that, ill bestow'd,
Bows her mean body by its cumbrous load,
Stands fretful Discontent, of fiends the worst
By dignity debas'd by blessings curs'd,
Who poisons Pleasure with the sourest leaven.
And makes a hell of Love's ecstatic heaven,

The guide celestial, near this ghastly group,
Perceiv'd her tender charge with terrouro droop:
'Fear not sweet maid,' she cries, 'my steps pursue!
Nor gaze too long on this infernal crew!
Turn from Detraction's fascinating glass!
In silence cross the throne! observe, and pass!
Beyond this dome, the palace of the queen,
Her empire winds through many a dreary scene,
Where she torments, as their deserts require,
Her various victims that on Earth expire:
Each class apart: for in a different cell
The fierce, the fretful, and the sullen dwell:
These shalt thou slightly view, in vapours hurl'd,
And swiftly then regain thy native world.
But first remark within that ample nich,
With every quaint device of splendour rich,
Yon phantom, who, from vulgar eyes withdrawn,
Appears to stretch in one eternal yawn:

Of empire here he holds the tottering helm,
Prime minister in Spleen's discordant realm,
The pillar of her spreading state, and more,
Her darling offspring, whom on Earth she bore;
For, as on Earth his wayward mother stray'd,
Grandeur, with eyes of fire, her form survey'd,
And with strong passion starting from his throne,
Unloos'd the sullen queen's reluctant zone.
From his embrace, conceiv'd in moody joy,
Rose the round image of a bloated boy:
His nurse was Indolence; his tutor Pomp,
Who kept the child from every childish romp;
They rear'd their nursling to the bulk you see,
And his proud parents call'd their imp Ennui,
This realm he rules, and in superb attire
Visits each earthly palace of his sire:
A thousand shapes he wears, now pert, now prim,
Pursues each grave conceit, or idle whim;
In arms, in arts, in government engages,
With monarchs, poets, politicians, sages;
But drops each work the moment its begun,
And trying all things can accomplish none:
Yet o'er each rank, and age, and sex, his sway
Spreads undiscern'd, and makes the world his prey
The light coquette, amid flirtation sighs,
To find him lurk in Pleasure's vain disguise;
And the grave nun discovers, in her cell,
That holy water but augments his spell.
As the strange monster of the serpent breed,
That haunts, as travellers tell, the marshy mead,
Devours each nobler beast, though firmly grown
To size and strength superior to his own;—
For on the grazing horse, or larger bull,
Subtly he springs, of dark saliva full,

With swiftly-darting tongue his prey anoints
With venom, potent to dissolve its joints,
And while its bulk in liquid poison swims,
Swallows its melting bone and fluid limbs:
So this Ennui, this wonder-working elf,
Can vanquish powers far mightier than himself;
Nor wit nor science soar his reach above,
And oft he seizes on successful Love.
Of all the radiant host who lend their aid
To light mankind through life's bewildering shade.
Bright Charity alone, with cloudless ray,
May boast exemption from his baleful sway:
Haste then, sweet nymph, nor let us longer roam
Round the drear circle of this dangerous dome!
Lest e'en thy guide, entangled in his spell,
Should fail to guard thee from a fiend so fell!"

So speaking, the kind spirit's anxious care
Led from the palace the attentive fair,
And, winding through a passage dark and rude,
Thus the mild monitor her speech renew'd:
"Gainst fear and pity now thy bosom steel,
For sights more horrible I now reveal!
Speen's tortur'd victims view with dauntless eyes;
For lo! her penal realms before thee rise!
The nymph advancing saw, with mute amaze,
A dismal, deep, enormous dungeon blaze.
Stones of red fire the hideous wall compos'd.
And massive gates the horrid confine clos'd.
Th' infernal portress, of this doleful dome,
With fiery lips, that swell'd with poisonous foam,
Pale Discord, rag'd; with whose tormenting tongue
Through all its caves th' extensive region rung:
A living vulture was the fury's crest;
And in her hand a rattlesnake she press'd,

Whose angry joints incessantly were heard
To sound defiance to the screaming bird.

‘ The boundless depth of this dire prison holds
The untam’d spirits of imperious scolds :
Nor think that females only fill the cave !
Male termagants have liv’d, and here they rave
All of each sex are pent within this pale,
Who knew no use of language, but to rail.’
Thus to her charge exclaim’d the heavenly guide,
And as she spoke the portals open’d wide,
And to the observance of the shuddering maid,
Th’ immeasurable den was all display’d.
But oh ! what various noises from within
Fill the vex’d air with one stupendous din !
Mourning’s deep groan, and anger’s furious call,
Terroure’s loud cry, and affectation’s squall,
The sob of passion, the hysteric scream,
And shrieks of frenzy, in its fierce extreme !
In this wild uproar every sound’s combin’d,
That stuns the senses, and distracts the mind.
‘ Mark,’ to the nymph Sophrosyne began,
‘ The fierce Xantippe flaming in the van,
The vase, she emptied on the sage’s head,
Hangs o’er her own, a different shower to shed ;
For, drop by drop, distilling liquid fire,
It fills the vixen with new tropes of ire.

Beyond the Grecian dame extend your view,
And mark the spectre of a modern shrew !
She, who whene’er she din’d, with furious look,
Spurn’d her nice food, and bellow’d at her cook,
Here justly feels a culinary rack,
Bound, like Ixion, to a whirling jack.’
Serena gaz’d, but soon she turn’d away,
Mute with disgust, and shuddering with dismay.

' To scenes less hideous let us now repair !'
(Said the kind guard of the dejected fair)
And, cheering her faint charge, her step she led
To the near dwelling of the fretful dead.

Of dusky adamant the dungeon rose ;
A dingy mirror its dark sides compose,
Reflecting, with a thousand quaint grimaces,
The pale inhabitant's distorted faces.
' Here, like a dame of quality array'd,
Sits Peevishness, presiding o'er the shade,
And frowning at her own uncomely mien,
Whose coarse reflection on the wall is seen.
A snarling lap-dog her right hand restrains,
Her lap an infant porcupine contains,
Which, while her fondness tries its wrath to still
Wounds her each moment with a pointed quill.
The froward spirits here in durance fret,
Whose testy life was one continued pet ;
Here they in trifles that vexation find,
Which teas'd on Earth their irritated mind.
Observe the phantom, who with eyes askance
Still to the mirror turns her eager glance }
See! to her cheek, incessant as she turns,
Her vex'd blood rushes, and her visage burns.
Beauty for lasting bliss had form'd the maid ;
Love to her charms his faithful homage paid ;
But, all this swelling tide of joy to check,
A fatal freckle rises on her neck :
Her soft cosmetics the griev'd nymph applies,
Success attends her, and the freckle dies :
But ah ! this victory avails her not ;
She finds an hydra in the teasing spot :
Fast as one flies, another still succeeds,
And with eternal food her fretful humour feeds.

Near to the nymph, in a more moody fit,
See the pale phantom of a pceevish wit!
Mark with what frowns his eager eyes peruse,
Wet from the press, three Critical Reviews!
With wounded vanity's distracting rage
How rapidly he runs through every page!
He finds some honours lavish'd on his verse,
And joy's faint gleams his gloomy spirit pierce.
But oh! too soon these feeble sparks decay;
And keen vexation reassumes her prey.
Hating reproof, in every fibre sore,
One censur'd particle torments him more,
More than a hundred happier lines delight,
Which liberal favour condescends to cite

But time will fail us, if we pause to view
The various torments of the testy crew;
These wretched chemists, whose o'erheated brain
Extracts from nothing a substantial pain.
Yet, ere to different districts we advance,
Take of one fretful tribe a transient glance!
Their unsuspected punishments supply
A lesson useful to the female eye.
Spleen's liveliest agent here beguiles the gay,
Fair to attract, and flattering to betray.
As thus the kind ethereal guardian spoke,
Within a rock whence plaintive murmurs broke,
She touch'd a secret spring, whose power was such
Two jarring doors unfolded at the touch,
And, with the charms of regal splendour bright,
A cheerful banquet sparkles to the sight.
Viands so light, so elegantly grac'd,
Might tempt e'en Temperance herself to taste;
For fruits alone compos'd th' enticing treat,
Fair to the eye, and to th' palate sweet.

In such bright juice the peach and cherry swim,
As make the topaz and the ruby dim.
Here crown'd with every flower, and gaily dress'd
In all the glitter of a Gallic vest,
Whose ample folds her loathsome body screen'd,
A child of luxury reigns, a subtle fiend !
Who, with a grace that every heart allures,
Smiles on the lustre of her rich *liqueurs*.
Her fatal smiles their utmost power exert
To poison beauty at her dire dessert ;
To blast the rose that health's bright cheek adorns,
And fill each festive heart with latent thorns :
For the sly fiend, of every art possess'd,
Steals on th' affection of her female guest ;
And, by her soft address seducing each,
Eager she plies them with a brandy peach :
They with keen lip the luscious fruit devour ;
But swiftly feel its peace-destroying power.
Quick through each vein new tides of frenzy roll ;
All evil passions kindle in the soul,
Drive from each feature every cheerful grace,
And glare ferocious in the sallow face ;
The wounded nerves in furious conflict tear,
Then sink in blank dejection and despair.
Effects more dire, thus tempting to deceive,
The apple wrought not in the soul of Eve ;
Howe'er disguis'd, in jelly or in jam,
Spleen has no poison surer than a dram.

‘ But haste we now,’ the heavenly leader cries,
To where this penal world's last wonder lies !’
She spoke; and led the nymph through deeper dells,
Low murmuring vaults, and horror-breathing cells.
And now they pass a perforated cage,
Where rancorous spectres without number rage.

'Avert thine eye!' the heavenly spirit said,
'Nor view these abject tribes of envious dead!
Who pin'd to hear the voice of truth proclaim
A sister's beauty, or a brother's fame!
Though crown'd with all prosperity imparts,
High in their various ranks, and several arts;
Yet, meanly sunk by envy's base controul,
They died in that consumption of the soul;
And here through bars that twisted adders make,
And the long volumes of th' envenom'd snake,
O'er this dark road they dart an anxious eye,
Still envying every fiend that flutters by.
Pass! and regard them not!'—Th' attentive maid
In silent tremor the behest obey'd.

This dungeon cross'd, her weary feet she drags
Through winding caverns, and o'er icy crags:
Soul-chilling damps in the dark passage reign,
Which issues on a vast and dreary plain,
Fann'd by no breezes, with no verdure crown'd;
The black horizon is its only bound.
And now advancing, in a drizzly mist,
Through sullen phantoms, hating to exist,
Serena spies, high o'er his subjects plac'd,
The ghastly tyrant of the gloomy waste.
Murmuring he sits upon a rocking stone,
The unstable base of his ill-founded throne:
Hideous his face, and horrible his frame,
Misanthropy the grisly monster's name!
Him to fierce Pride, with raging passion sore,
The frowning gorgon, Disappointment, bore;
On Earth detested, and by Heaven abhorr'd,
Of this drear wild he reigns the moody lord.
Few are the subjects of his waste domain,
And scarce a female in his frightful train,

Except one changing corps of ancient prudes ;
Reluctant here the prying band intrudes.
Each, who on Earth, behind her artful fan,
Feign'd coarse aversion to the creature man,
Is doom'd, in this dark region, to abide
Some transient pains for hypocritic pride.
Here ever-during chains those scoffers bind,
Whose writings deaden and debase the mind ;
Who mock creation with injurious scorn,
And feel a fancied void in plenty's horn.

In his right hand, an emblem of his cares,
A branch of aconite the monarch bears ;
And those sour phantoms, who this region haunt,
He feeds with berries from this deadly plant ;
For, strange to tell ! though sever'd from its root
The bough still blackens with successive fruit.
The tribes, who taste it, burst into a fit
Of raving mockery and rancorous wit ;
And, pleas'd their tyrant's ghastly smile to court,
By vile distortions make him various sport.
The frantic rabble, who his sway confess,
Before his throne an hideous puppet dress ;
When in unseemly rags they have array'd
The image, from their own dark semblance made,
In horrid gambols round their work they throng,
With antic dance and rude discordant song ;
Satire's rank offals on the block they fling,
And call it nature, to delight their king :
While in their features he exults to see
The frowns of torture, mix'd with grins of glee.
For, as these abject toils engage the crew,
Their own grim idol darkens to their view ;
Wide and more wide its horrid stature spreads,
And o'er the tribe new consternation sheds :

For each forgets, in his bewilder'd,
'Tis but a monster, which he help'd to raise.
As o'er its form their dizzy glances roll,
It strikes a cheerless damp through all the soul.
Vainly to shun the baleful sight they try,
It draws for ever the reluctant eye :
At each review with deeper dread they start ;
A colder chaos numbs each freezing heart.
No mutual confidence, no friendly care,
Relieves the panic they are doom'd to bear ;
For as they shrink absorb'd in wild affright,
When each to each inclines his wounded sight,
They feel, for social comfort, sour disgust,
And all the sullen anguish of distrust.

Around these wretches in the drear abode,
The ghastly grinning fiend Derision rode,
Who to their wayward minds on Earth supplied
Perverted ridicule's malignant tide.
His steed of Pegasus the semblance bore ;
But with false wings, that knew not how to
soar :

Where'er he pass'd, with mischief in his look,
A sounding whip of knotted snakes he shook :
And laugh'd in lashing each pretended sage,
Whose malice wore the mask of moral rage.
An uncouth bugle his left-hand display'd,
From a grey monkey's skull by Cunning made,
And form'd to pour, in harmony's despite,
Sounds that each jarring sense of pain excite :
And now his livid lips this bugle blew ;
Through every den the piercing discord flew :
The fiends all answer'd in one hideous yell,
And in a fearful trance Serena fell.

Hence from the lovely nymph her senses fled,
Till, through the parted curtains of her bed,
The amorous Sun, who now began to rise,
Kiss'd, with a sportive beam, her opening eyes.

HAIL, thou enlighten'd globe of human joy!
Where social cares the soften'd heart employ:
What cheering rays of vital comfort roll
In thy bright regions o'er the rescued soul,
Which, 'scaping from the dark domain of Spleen,
Springs with new warmth to thy attractive scene!
Once more I bless thy pleasure-breathing gale,
And gaze enchanted on thy flowery vale,
Where smiling innocence and ardent youth,
Sport hand in hand with beauty and with truth
Sport on, sweet revellers! in rosy bowers,
Safe from th' intrusion of all evil powers!
Ah, fruitless wish of the benignant muse,
Which to this chequer'd world the Fates refuse!
For round its precincts many an ugly sprite
Speeds undiscern'd to poison pure delight:
Amidst the foremost of this haggard band,
Unwearied poster of the sea and land,
Wrapp'd in dark mists, malignant Scandal flies,
While Envy's poison'd breath the buoyant gale
supplies.

Though Sheridan, with shafts of comic wit,
Pierc'd, and expos'd her to the laughing pit,
Th' immortal hag still wears her paper crown,
The dreaded empress of the idle town:
O'erleaping her prerogative of old,
To sink the noble, to defame the bold;—

In chase of worth to slip the dogs of strife,
Through all the ample range of public life ;—
The tyrant now, that sanctuary burst
Where happiness by privacy is nurs'd,
Her fury rising as her powers increase,
O'erturns the altars of domestic peace.
Pleas'd in her dark and gall-distilling cloud
The sportive form of innocence to shroud,
Beauty's young train her baleful eyes survey,
To mark the fairest as her favourite prey.
Hence, sweet Serena, while thy spirit stray'd
Round the deep realms of subterranean shade,
This keenest agent of th' infernal powers
On Earth was busied, in those tranquil hours,
To blast thy peace, and poison'd darts to aim
Against the honour of thy spotless name :
For Scandal, restless fiend, who never knows
The balmy blessing of an hour's repose,
Worn, yet unsated with her daily toil,
In her base work consumes the midnight oil,
O'er fiercer fiends when heavy slumbers creep,
When wearied avarice and ambition sleep,
Scandal is vigilant, and keen to spread
The plagues that spring from her prolific head.
On truth's fair basis she her falsehood builds,
With tinsel sentiment its surface gilds ;
To nightly labour from their dark abodes
The demons of the groaning press she goads,
And smiles to see their rapid art supply
Ten thousand wings to every infant lie.

In triumph now behold the hag applaud
Her keen and fav'rite imp, ingenious Fraud,
Her quick compositor, whose flying hand
Has clos'd the paragraph she keenly plann'd,

No nymph she nam'd, yet mark'd her vile intent,
That dullness could not miss the name she meant :
In satire's tints the injur'd fair she drew,
In form an angel, but in soul a Jew.

It chanc'd her sire among his friends enroll'd
A wealthy senator, infirm and old ;
Who, dup'd too early by a generous heart,
Rashly assum'd a misanthropic part :
Though peevish fancies would his mind incrust,
Good-nature's image lurk'd beneath their rust ;
And gay Serena, with that sportive wit
Which heals the folly that it deigns to hit,
Would oft the sickness of his soul beguile,
And teach the sullen humorist to smile ;
Pleas'd by her virtuous frolics to assuage
The mental anguish of distemper'd age.
This ancient friend, in a sarcastic sketch,
Was mark'd by Scandal as a monied wretch,
For whom the young, yet mercenary fair
Had subtly spread a matrimonial snare.
With such base matter, more diffusely wrought,
The spirit-piercing paragraph was fraught,
O'er which with glee the eye of Scandal glar'd,
Which for the opening press herself prepar'd ;
She on the types her inky wand let fall,
And smear'd each letter with her bitterest gall ;
The press, whose ready gripe the charge receives,
Stamps it successive on ten thousand leaves,
Which pil'd in heaps impatient seem to lie,
They only wait the dawn of day to fly,

Now, as the child, in lonely chamber laid,
Mute in the dark, and of itself afraid,
When, haply conscious of the pain it feels,
The watchful mother to its pillow steals,

Springs to her breast, and shakes off all alarms
Feeling its safety in her fostering arms :
With such quick joy, in innocence as young,
The soft Serena from her pillow sprung,
Pleas'd to awake from her terrific dream,
And feel the cheerful Sun's returning beam.
Eager she rose, in busy thought, nor staid
The wonted summons of her punctual maid,
And as her own fair hands adjust her vest,
The guardian cincture flutters on her breast ;
For fondly, when she wak'd, or when she slept,
Still round her heart th' important zone she kept.
Thou happy girdle! to thy charge be just !
Firm be thy threads, and faithful to their trust ;
For hours approach, when all the stores they hide
Of magic virtue, must be strongly tried !—
Now, while her kind domestic heart intends
To please her early sire, the nymph descends :
But sleep, who left the fair with sudden flight,
With late wings hover'd o'er the good old knight ;
And the chill circle of the lone saicon
Informs the shiv'ring maid she rose too soon.
'Tis true, attentive John's unfailing care
Began the rites of breakfast to prepare ;
But yet no fires on the cold altar burn,
No smoke arises from the silver urn,
And the blank tea-board, where no viands lay,
Only supplied the paper of the day.

Though mild Serena's peace-devoted mind
The keen debate of politics declin'd,
And heard with cold contempt, or generous hate,
The frauds of party and the lies of state ;
Nor car'd much more for fashion's loose intrigues,
Than factious bickerings or foreign leagues :

Yet, while she saunters idle and alone,
Her careless eyes are on the paper thrown.

As some gay youth, whom sportive friends engage
To view the furious ourang in his cage,
If while amus'd he sees the monster grin,
And trusts too careless to the bolts within,
If the sly beast, as near the grate he draws,
Tear him unguarded with projected paws,
Starts at the wound, and feels his bosom thrill
With pain and wonder at the sudden ill;
So did Serena start, so wildly gaze,
In such mix'd pangs of anguish and amaze,
Feeling the wound which Scandal had design'd
To lacerate her mild and modest mind.
Startled, at one who from electric wire
Unheeding catches unsuspected fire,
She reads, then almost doubts that she has read,
And thinks some vision hovers round her head.
Now, her fix'd eye some striking words confine,
And now she darts it thrice through every line;
Nor could amazement more her senses shake.
Had every letter been a gorgon's snake.
Now rising indignation takes its turn,
And her flush'd cheeks with tingling blushes burn,
With restless motion and with many a frown,
Through the wide room she paces up and down:
Now, musing, makes a momentary stand,
The fatal paper fluttering in her hand.
So the shy bird, by cruel sportsmen sprung,
And by their random fire severely stung,
Scar'd, not disabled, by the distant wound
Now trembling flies, now skims along the ground,
Now vainly tries, in some sequester'd spot,
From her gor'd breast to shake the galling shot.

Ye tender nymphs ! whose kindling souls would
flame,
Touch'd, like Serena's, by injurious blame,
Oh, let your quick and kindred spirits form
A vivid picture of the mental storm
In which she labour'd, and whose force to paint
The Muse's strongest tints appear too faint ;
In sympathetic thought her suffering see !
But oh, for ever from such wrongs be free !

Her faithful girdle tried its power to save,
And oft a monitory impulse gave ;
Still unregarded, still unfelt, it press'd
With useless energy her heaving breast,
Her mind, forgetful of the magic zone,
Full of the burning shaft by Scandal thrown,
With blended notes of sorrow and disdain,
Thus in disorder'd language vents its pain :—
' Had malice dar'd my honour to defame,
The self-refuted lie had lost its aim :
But here the world, deceiv'd by sland'rous art,
Must think Serena has a venal heart.'
A venal heart ! at that detested sound,
In swelling anguish her sunk voice was drown'd,
Now was a fearful crisis of her fate :
Distended now by passion's growing weight,
And for its mistress fill'd with conscious dread,
The magic girdle crack'd through every thread,
And snapp'd perchance by Scandal's force ac-
curs'd,
From her full heart the guardian zone had burst,
And, spite of all the virtues of the fair
The spell of happiness had sunk in air,
But that Sophrosyne, whose friendly fear
Timely foresaw this trial too severe,

An early succour gain'd from secret love,
From the fell kite to snatch the falling dove.

As Nature studies, in her wide domain,
To blend some antidote with every bane ;
Thus her kind aid the friendly power contriv'd,
That, from the quarter whence the wound arriv'd,
There flow'd, the anguish of that wound to calm,
A soothing, soft, and medicinal balm.
As in her agitated hand the fair
Wav'd the loose paper with disorder'd air,
In capitals she saw Serena flame :
She blu-h'd, she shudder'd, as she view'd the name ;
Her ready fears subside in new surprise,
And eager thus she reads with lighten'd eyes :

' Go, faithful sonnet, to Serena say
What charms peculiar in her features reign :
A stranger, whom her glance may ne'er survey,
Pays her this tribute in no flattering strain.
Tell her, the bard, in beauty's wide domain,
Has seen a virgin cheek as richly glow,
A bosom, where the blue meand'ring vein
Sheds as soft lustre through the lucid snow,
Eyes, that as brightly flush with joy and youth,
And locks, that like her own luxuriant flow :
Then say, for then she cannot doubt thy truth,
That the wide Earth no female form can show
Where Nature's legend so distinctly tells,
In this fair shrine a fairer spirit dwells.'

With curious wonder the reviving maid
View'd this fond homage to her beauty paid ;
A second glance o'er every line she cast,
And half pronounc'd and half suppress'd the last ;

While modest pleasure, and ingenuous pride,
Her burning cheek with deeper crimson dyed.

O Praise! thy language was by heaven design'd
As manna to the faint bewilder'd mind :
Beauty and diffidence, whose hearts rejoice
In the kind comfort of thy cheering voice,
In this wild wood of life, wert thou not nigh,
Must, like the wandering babes, lie down and die :
But thy sweet accents wake new vital powers,
And make this thorny path a path of flowers :
As oil on ocean's troubled waters spread,
Smooths the rough billow to a level bed,
The soothing rhyme thus soften'd into rest
The painful tumult of Serena's breast.

Now, to herself restor'd, the conscious maid
The lurking fiend's insidious snare survey'd ;
Her nerves, with grateful trepidation, own
A slighter pressure from the faithful zone ;
And in fond thought she breathes a thankful prayer
For her ethereal guardian's constant care ;
Yet with a keen desire her bosom glow'd,
To hear from whom the gentle sonnet flow'd ;
But kind Sophrosyne, who watch'd unseen,
To shield her votary from the wiles of Spleen,
As friendly love had fix'd a future time
When to reveal the secret of the rhyme,
Strove till that hour her fancy to restrain,
Nor let her anxious wishes rise to pain.

As gaiety's fresh tide began to roll,
Fast in the swelling channel of her soul,
The good old knight descends, though eager, slow,
The gout still tingling in his tender toe ;
And now, paternal salutations past,
His eyes he keenly on the paper cast,

While his sweet daughter, with attentive grace,
Before him flies his ready cup to place ;
For tea and politics alternate share,
In friendly rivalship, his morning care, [flows
Though smooth as oil the knight's good-humour
When the mild breeze of pleasant fortune blows,
Yet, quick to catch the casual sparks of ire,
Like oil it kindles into mounting fire ;
And fiercely now his flaming spirit blaz'd,
While on those galling words he wildly gaz'd,
Whose force had almost work'd into a storm
The gentler elements in beauty's form.
As the sarcastic sentence caught his view,
Back from the board his elbow-chair he drew,
And, by sharp stings of sudden fury prick'd;
Far from his foot his gouty stool he kick'd.
Fierce as Achilles, by Atrides stung,
He pour'd the stream of vengeance from his tongue.
But ah, those angry threats he deign'd to speak,
Had sounds, alas ! far differing from the Greek.
Rage from his lips in legal language broke ;
Of juries and of damages he spoke,
And on the printer's law-devoted head
He threaten'd deep revenge in terms most dread ;
Terms, that with pain the ear of beauty pierce,
And oaths too rough to harmonize in verse.

While thus the good old knight, with passion hot,
His toast neglected, and his tea forgot,
The discord of the drama to increase,
Now prim Penelope assails her niece ;
For, as sir Gilbert now, with choler dumb,
Points her the period with his angry thumb,
' Ah ! brother,' cries the stiff malignant crone,
(Her sharp eye swiftly through the sentence
thrown)

'Scandal could never rise to heights like this,
But from the manners of each modern miss ;
Had but my niece, less giddy and more grave,
Observ'd the prudent hints I often gave——'

The honest knight her vile conclusion saw,
And quick curtail'd it with a testy ' pshaw !'
Meanwhile the gentle maid, who heard the taunt,
Survey'd without a frown her prudish aunt ;
Far other thoughts employ'd her softer mind,
To one sweet purpose all her soul inclin'd ; [best
How she might close th' unpleasant scene, how
Restore good-humour to her father's breast.
Her airy guardian with delight survey'd
These tender wishes in the lovely maid,
And, to accomplish what her heart desir'd,
Trains of new thought above her age inspir'd.

As Venus on her son's enlighten'd face
Shed richer charms, and more attractive grace,
When, issuing forth from the dissolving cloud,
His bright form burst on the admiring crowd :
So kind Sophrosyne, unseen, supplies
A livelier radiance to Serena's eyes ;
And, ere she speaks to captivate her sire,
Touches her lips with patriotic fire.

It chanc'd that, toss'd upon a vacant chair,
A volume of that wit lay near the fair,
Whose value, tried by Fashion's varying touch,
Once rose too high, and now is sunk too much ;
The book, which fortune plac'd within her reach
Contain'd, O Chesterfield ! the-liberal speech
In which thy spirit, like an Attic sage,
Strove to defend the violated stage
From fetters basely forg'd by ministerial rage. }

From this the nymph her useful lesson took,
And thus began, reclining on the book:
' If on this noble lord we may rely,
Scandal is but a speck on Freedom's eye;
And public spirit, then, will rather bear
The casual pain it gives by growing there,
Than, by a rash attempt to move it thence,
Hazard the safety of a precious sense,
And, by the efforts of a vain desire,
Rob this life-darting eye of all its fire.
Though the soft breast of innocence may smart,
By cruel calumny's corroding dart,
Yet would she rather ache in every nerve,
And bear those pangs she knows not to deserve,
Much rather than be made a senseless tool,
To aid the frenzy of tyrannic rule,
Or forge one dangerous bolt for Power to aim
At sacred Liberty's superior frame.—'

As ancient chiefs were wont of old to gaze,
With eyes of tender awe and fond amaze,
On the fair priestess, of the Delphic fane,
When first she utter'd her prophetic strain,
Entranc'd in wonder, thus sir Gilbert view'd
His child, yet more inspir'd, who thus pursu'd:
' For me, I own, these lines, with gall replete,
Shot through my simple heart a sudden heat;
But happier thoughts my rising rage repress'd,
And turn'd the pointless insult to a jest:
And oh! should Slander still new wrath awake,
Still may my father, for his daughter's sake,
Disdain the vengeance of litigious strife,
And let Serena's answer be—her life!'

She ended with a smile, whose magic flame
Shot youthful vigour through her father's frame:

His age, his anger, and his gout, are fled ;
Enchanting girl !' with tears of joy, he said,
' Enchanting girl !' twice echoed from his tongue,
As, speaking, from his elbow-chair he sprung,
' Come to thy father's arms !—By Heaven, thou art
His own true offspring, and a Whig in heart.'

He spoke ! and his fond arms around her curl'd
With proud grasp, seeming to infold the world.
Her conscious heart she feels with triumph beat,
And joys to find that triumph is complete ;
For stiff Penelope, who near them stood,
' Albeit unused to the melting mood,'
Squeez'd from her eye-lid one reluctant tear,
And soften'd with a smile her brow severe ;
But 'twas a smile of such a gloomy grace,
As lighten'd once upon Alecto's face,
When Orpheus pass'd her, leading back to life,
From Pluto's regions, his recover'd wife,
When love connubial join'd to music's spell,
Moisten'd with tender joy the eyes of Hell.
Far other smiles, with Pleasure's softest air,
Gild the gay features of the youthful fair
She looks like sportive Spring, when her young
 charms

Wind round her hoary sire's reluctant arms,
And, by a frolic infantine embrace,
Banish the rugged frown from Winter's face.

Through the long day she felt the glowing tide
Of exultation through her bosom glide ;
And oft she wish'd for slow-approaching night,
To hold sweet converse with her guardian sprite.
At length the hour approach'd her heart desir'd,
And, in her lonely chamber now retir'd,

Her tender fancy gave the fondest scope
To ardent gratitude and eager hope.

‘ Dear airy being !’ the soft nymph exclaim’d,
‘ Whose power can break the spell that Spleen has
fram’d,

Can, by the waving of thy viewless wing,
O’er darkest forms a golden radiance fling,
And make, in minds by sorriest thoughts perplex’d,
This moment’s grief the triumph of the next ;
I bless thy succour in each trial past ;
Be present still, and save me in the last !’

Thus, with her lovely eyes devoutly fix’d,
Where rays of hope, and fear, and reverence mix’d,
The tender fair her faithful guard address’d,
Then with her cheek her downy pillow press’d ;
But long her wakeful lids refuse to close,
For curiosity dispels repose.

Her busy mind the mystic veil would pierce,
That hides the author of the pleasing verse ;
Her lips involuntary catch the chime,
And half articulate the soothing rhyme,
Till weary thought no longer watch can keep,
But sinks reluctant in the folds of sleep.

WHY art thou fled, O bless’d poetic time,
When Fancy wrought the miracles of rhyme ;
When, darting from her star-encircled throne,
Her poet’s eye commanded worlds unknown ;
When, by her fiat made a mimic god,
He saw existence waiting on his nod,

And at his pleasure into being brought
New shadowy hosts, the vassals of his thought,
In joy's gay garb, in terrors dread array,
Darker than night, and brighter than the day ;
Who, at his bidding through the wilds of air,
Rais'd willing mortals far from earthly care,
And led them wondering through his wide domain,
Beyond the bounds of nature's narrow reign ;
While their rapp'd spirits, in the various flight,
Shook with successive thrills of new delight ?
Return, sweet season, grac'd with fiction's flowers ;
Let not cold system cramp thy genial powers !
Shall mild Morality, in garb uncouth,
The housewife garb of plain and homely truth,
Robb'd by stern Method of her rosy crown,
Chill her faint votaries by a wintry frown ?
No ; thou sweet friend of man, as suits thee best,
Shine forth in Fable's rich-embroider'd vest !
O make my verse thy vehicle, thy arms,
To spread o'er social life thy potent charms !
And thou, Sophrosyne, mysterious sprite !
If haply I may trace thy steps aright,
Roving through paths untrod by mortal feet
To paint for human eyes thy heavenly seat,
Shed on my soul some portion of that power,
Which sav'd Serena in the trying hour,
To bear those trials, which, however hard,
As bards all tell us, may befall the bard ;
The fop's pert jest, the critic's frown severe,
Learning's proud cant, with envy's artful sneer,
And, the vex'd poet's last and worst disgrace,
His cold blank bookseller's rhyme-freezing face.
Hence ! ye dark omens, that to Spleen belong,
Ye shall not check the current of my song,

While Beauty's lovely race, for whom I sing,
Fire my warm hand to strike the ready string.
As Quiet now her lightest mantle laid
O'er the still senses of the sleeping maid,
Her nightly visitant, her faithful guide,
Descends in all her empyrean pride ;
That fairy shape no more she deigns to wear,
Whose light foot smooths the furrow plough'd by
In mortal faces, while her tiny spear [care
Gives a kind tingle to the caution'd ear.
Now, in her nobler shape, of heavenly size,
She strikes her votary's soul with new surprise.
Jove's favourite daughter, arm'd in all his powers,
Appear'd less brilliant to th' attending Hours,
When, on the golden car of Juno rais'd,
In heavenly pomp the queen of battles blaz'd .
With all her lustre, but without the dread
Which from her arm the frowning gorgon shed,
Sophrosyne descends, with guardian love,
To waft her gentle ward to worlds above.
From her fair brow a radiant diadem
Rose in twelve stars, and every separate gem
Shot magic rays, of virtue to controul
Some passion hostile to the human soul
Round her sweet form a robe of ether flow'd,
And in a wondrous car the smiling spirit rode,
Firm as pure ivory, it charm'd the sight
With finer polish and a softer white.
The hand of Beauty, with an easy swell,
Scoop'd the free concave like a bending shell ;
And on its rich exterior, Art display'd
The triumphs of the power the car convey'd.
Here, in celestial tints, surpassing life,
Sate lovely Gentleness, disarming Strife ;

There, young Affection, born of tender Thought,
In rosy chains the fiercer passions caught ;
Ambition, with his sceptre snapp'd in twain,
And Avarice, scorning what his chests contain.
Round the tame vulture flies the fearless dove ;
Soft Innocence embraces playful Love ;
And laughing Sport, the frolic child of Air,
Buries in flowers the sinking form of Care.

These figures, pencil'd with a touch so light,
That every image seem'd an heavenly sprite,
Breathe on the car ; whose sight-enchanting frame
Four wheels sustain, of pale and purple flame ;
For no fleet animals, to Earth unknown,
Bear through ethereal fields this flying throne.
As by the subtle electrician's skill,
Globes seem to fly obedient to his will ;
So these four circles of instinctive fire
Move by the impulse of their queen's desire,
Mount or descend by her directing care,
Or rest, supported by the buoyant air. [staid

Now, springing from her car, that hovering
High in the chamber of the sleeping maid,
The goddess, with a voice divinely clear,
Breath'd these kind accents in her votary's ear :
' Come, my fair champion, who so well hast fought
The useful battles of contentious thought ;
To aid thy gentle spirit to sustain
The final conflict of thy destin'd pain,
View the rewards that, in my realms of bliss,
Wait the sweet victor in such war as this !
So haply may thy mind, with strength renew'd,
The dark devices of the fiend elude
By one bless'd effort seal thy triumphs past,
And gain thy promis'd guerdon in the last.'

As thus she spake, her heavenly arms embrac'd,
And in the car the conscious maiden plac'd.
Quick at her wish the flaming wheels ascend,
No clouds impede them, wheresoe'er they bend.
As through the empire of the winds they rush'd,
The winds were all in mute submission hush'd:
And now Serena, from th' exalted car,
Look'd down, astonish'd on each sinking star;
Flying o'er lucid orbs, whose distant light
Yet has not reach'd the scope of human sight
And now, not distant from the bounds of space,
The guardian sprite suspend their rapid race;
And, while in deep amaze the nymph admires
The circling meteors' inoffensive fires,
Pleas'd at her wonder, the mild power address'd,
With kind intelligence, her earthly guest:—
'Of those three orbs, that in you crystal sphere
A separate system in themselves appear,
The last whose luminous and steady form
Shines softly bright, and moderately warm,
Contains my palace, and the gentle train
Whom I have waisted to this pure domain.
At equal distance my dominions lie [eye:
From these two larger worlds, more near thine
Observe their difference as our wheels advance,
And, passing, take of each a transient glance.'

So speaking, to the grosser globe she sprung
Her car suspended o'er its surface hung,
In heavy air; for round this orb was roll'd
A circling vapour, dull, and damp, and cold.
'Here,' says Sophrosyne, 'those beings dwell,
Who wanted soul to act or ill or well;
Who saunter'd thoughtless through their mortal
Without a care, a virtue, or a crime; [time,

Here still they saunter, in this languid scene :
But pass the dozing crowd, and mark their queen.
And now, slow riding on a tortoise' back,
Her features lifeless, and each fibre slack,
Full in their view the nymph Indifference came ;
The quick Serena soon perceiv'd her name
For, as in solemn creeping state she rode,
In her lax hand she held fair Greville's ode.
Ne'er did the muse from her sweet treasure cull
Incense so precious for a power so dull.
Still, as she mov'd along her even way,
The heavy goddess tried to read the lay ;
But at each pause her inattentive eye
Stray'd from the paper, which she held awry ;
Nor could her lips a single line repeat,
Though the soft verse, most ravishingly sweet,
Through Time's just ear will lasting pleasure spread,
And charm the poppy from Oblivion's head.
Thus, like a city mayor, whose heavy barge
Steers its dull progress at the public charge,
This power, so cumber'd by her empire's weight,
Makes her slow circuit round her sluggish state.
Around her, tribes of rambling sceptics crawl,
Though moving, dubious if they move at all.
Before her, languid Pomp, her marshal, creeps,
Whose hand her banner half unfolded keeps :
Its quaint device her dull dominion spoke—
An eagle, numb'd by the torpedo's stroke.

' Enough of scenes so foreign to thy soul.'
Sophrosyne exclaim'd : ' from this dark goal
Pass we to regions opposite to this.'
She spoke ; and, darting o'er the wide abyss ;
Her car, like lightning in soft flashes hurld,
Shot to the confines of a clearer world.

Now lovelier views the virgin's mind absorb ;
For now they hover'd o'er a lucid orb.
Here the soft air, luxuriantly warm,
Imparts new lustre to Serena's form :
Her eyes with more expressive radiance speak,
And richer roses open on her cheek.
Here, as she gaz'd, she felt in every vein
A blended thrill of pleasure and of pain ;
Yet every object glittering in her view,
Her quick regard with soft attraction drew.
Sophrosync, who saw the gentle fair
Lean o'er those confines with peculiar care,
Smil'd at the tender interest she display'd,
And spoke regardful of the pensive maid :
' Well may'st thou bend o'er this congenial sphere ;
For Sensibility is sov'reign here.
Thou seest her train of sprightly damsels sport,
Where the soft spirit holds her rural court ;
But fix thine eye attentive to the plain,
And mark the varying wonders of her reign.'
As thus she spoke, she pois'd her airy seat
High o'er a plain exhaling every sweet ;
For round its precincts all the flowers that bloom
Fill'd the delicious air with rich perfume ;
And in the midst a verdant throne appear'd,
In simplest form by graceful fancy rear'd, [dyes
And deck'd with flowers ; not such whose flaunting
Strike with the strongest tint our dazzled eyes ;
But those wild herbs that tenderest fibres bear,
And shun th' approaches of a damper air.
Here stood the lovely ruler of the scene, [queen.
And beauty, more than pomp, announc'd the
The bending snow-drop, and the briar-rose,
The simple circle of her crown compose ;

Roses of every hue her robe adorn,
Except the insipid rose without a thorn,
Through her thin vest her heighten'd beauties shine;
For earthly gauze was never half so fine.
Of that enchanting age her figure seems,
When smiling nature with the vital beams
Of vivid youth, and pleasure's purple flame,
Gilds her accomplish'd work, the female frame,
With rich luxuriance tender, sweetly wild,
And just between the woman and the child.
Her fair left arm around a vase she flings,
From which the tender plant mimosa springs:
Towards its leaves, o'er which she fondly bends,
The youthful fair her vacant hand extends
With gentle motion, anxious to survey
How far the feeling fibres own her sway:
The leaves, as conscious of their queen's command,
Successive fall at her approaching hand;
While her soft breast with pity seems to pant,
And shrinks at every shrinking of the plant.

Around their sovereign, on the verdant ground,
Sweet airy forms in mystic measures bound.
The mighty master of the revel, Love,
In notes more soothing than his mother's dove,
Prompts the soft strain that melting virgins sing,
Or sportive trips around the frolic ring,
Coupling, with radiant wreaths of lambent fire,
Fair fluttering Hope and rapturous Desire.
Unnumber'd damsels different charms display,
Pensive with bliss, or in their pleasures gay;
And the wide prospect yields one touching sight
Of tender yet diversified delight.
But the bright triumphs of their joy to check,
In the clear air there hangs a dusky speck:

It swells—it spreads—and rapid, as it grows,
O'er the gay scene a chilling shadow throws.
The soft Serena, who beheld its flight,
Suspects no evil from a cloud so light;
For harmless round her the thin vapours wreath,
Not hiding from her view the scene beneath;
But, ah! too soon, with pity's tender pain,
She saw its dire effect o'er all the plain;
Sudden from thence the sounds of anguish flow,
And joy's sweet carols end in shrieks of woe :
The wither'd flowers are fall'n, that bloom'd so fair,
And poison all the pestilential air.
From the rent earth dark demons force their way,
And make the sportive revellers their prey.
Here gloomy Terrour, with a shadowy rope,
Seems, like a Turkish mute, to strangle Hope ;
There jealous Fury drowns in blood the fire
That sparkled in the eye of young Desire ;
And lifeless Love lets merciless Despair
From his crush'd frame his bleeding pinions tear.
But pangs more cruel, more intensely keen,
Wound and distract their sympathetic queen :
With fruitless tears she o'er their misery bends ;
From her sweet brow the thorny rose she rends,
And, bow'd by Grief's insufferable weight,
Frantic she curses her immortal state ;
The soft Serena, as this curse she hears,
Feels her bright eye suffus'd with kindred tears ;
And her kind breast, where quick compassion
Shar'd in each bitter suffering she beheld. [swell'd,
The guardian Power survey'd her lovely grief,
And spoke in gentle terms of mild relief :
' For this soft tribe thy heaviest fear dismiss,
And know their pains are transient as their bliss :

Rapture and Agony in Nature's loom,
Have form'd the changing tissue of their doom;
Both interwoven with so nice an art,
No power can tear the twisted threads apart:
Yet happier these, to Nature's heart more dear,
Than the dull offspring in the torpid sphere,
Where her warm wishes, and affections kind,
Lose their bright current in the stagnant mind.
Here grief and joy so suddenly unite,
That anguish serves to sublimate delight.'

She spoke: and, ere Serena could reply,
The vapour vanish'd from the lucid sky;
The nymphs revive, the shadowy fiends are fled,
The new-born flowers a richer fragrance shed;
The gentle ruler of the changeful land,
Smiling, resum'd her symbol of command;
Replac'd the roses of her regal wreath,
Still trembling at the thorns that lurk beneath;
But, to her wounded subjects quick to pay
The tender duties of imperial sway,
Their wants she succour'd, they her wish obey'd,
And all recover'd by alternate aid;
While, on the lovely queen's enchanting face,
Departed sorrow's faint and fainter trace,
Gave to each touching charm a more attractive }
grace.

Now, laughing Sport, from the enlighten'd plain,
Clear'd with quick foot the vestiges of pain;
The gay scene grows more beautifully bright,
Than when it first allur'd Serena's sight,
Still her fond eyes o'er all the prospect range,
Flashing sweet pleasure at the blissful change:
Her curious thoughts with fond attachment burn,
Yet more of this engaging land to learn.

She finds the chief attendants of the queen,
Sweet females, wafted from our human scene ;
But, as it chanc'd, while all the realm reviv'd,
A spirit masculine from earth arriv'd :
Two airy guides conduct the gentle shade ;
Genius, in robes of braided flames array'd,
And a fantastic nymph, in manners nice,
Profusely deck'd with many an odd device ;
Sister of him, whose luminous attire
Flashes with unextinguishable fire ;
Like him in features, in her look as wild,
And Singularity by mortals styl'd.
The eager queen, and all her smiling court,
Surround the welcome shade in gentle sport ;
For in their new associate all rejoice,
All pant to hear the accents of his voice.
Though o'er his frame th' Armenian robe was

The pleasing stranger spoke the Gallic tongue ;
But in that language his enchanting art
Inspir'd new energy that seiz'd the heart ;
In terms so eloquent, so sweetly bold,
A story of disastrous love he told
Convuls'd with sympathy, the list'ning train,
At every pause, with dear delicious pain,
Intreat him to renew the fascinating strain.
And now Serena, with suspended breath,
Listen'd, and caught the tale of Julia's death ;
And quick she cries, ere tears had time to flow,
' Bless'd be this hour ! for now I see Rousseau.'
Fondly she gaz'd, till the enchanting sound
In such a potent spell her spirit bound,
That, lost in sweet illusion, she forgot
The promis'd scenes of the sublimer spot ;

Till now her mild remembrancer, whose care
Stray'd not a moment from the mortal fair,
Rous'd her wrapp'd mind, preparing her to meet
The brighter wonders of her blissful seat ;
While her instinctive ear's obedient frame
Now upward rose, like undulating flame.

As when some victor on the watery world,
Bright honour gilding all his sails unfurl'd,
Steers into port, while to the laughing sky
His streamers tell his triumph as they fly ;
Expecting thousands line the crowded strand,
Swell the glad voice, or wave the joyous hand,
Pressing to view the sight their vows implor'd,
And hail their glory and their strength restor'd :
So the bless'd beings of this smiling scene
Flock'd round the car of their returning queen.
The radiant car, from which they now alight,
Careful she gives to a selected sprite,
A nymph of snowy vest and lovely frame,
Fidelity her fair and spotless name ;
Then, happy to review her hallow'd home,
Leads her sweet guest to her celestial dome.

Gentlest of powers ! for every purpose fit,
To strengthen wisdom, and embellish wit ;—
Thou, whose soft arts, possess'd by thee alone,
Can give to virtue's voice a sweeter tone ;
Allay the frost of age, or fire of youth,
And lend attraction to severest truth ;
Improve e'en beauty by thy graceful ease,
Or teach deformity herself to please ;
Inspire the bard, whose just ambition pants
To guide weak mortals to thy heavenly haunts !
Grant him, in notes that, like thy soft controul,
Allure attention, and possess the soul ;

Grant him to show, in luminous display,
The mystic wonders of thy secret sway!

Now, at the sight of the presiding power,
Wide spread the gates of a stupendous tower,
On whose firm height, commanding nature's bound,
The faithful warder of the fort they found,
Wakeful Intelligence, a trusty sprite,
Whose eyes are piercing as the solar light,
And ever on the watch to sound alarm,
If aught of dusky hue, portending harm,
Should, in defiance of her mandate, dare
Approach the palace of th' imperial fair.
Within his ward, magnificently great,
Lies the rich armoury that guards her state.
Here stands Conviction's strong and lucid spear,
Whose touch annihilates suspense and fear;
Here, Truth's unsullied adamant shield,
Which, save Sophrosyne, no power can wield:
And Reason's trenchant blade of blazing steel,
Its age and polish form'd by friendly Zeal;
And, not less sure their destin'd mark to hit,
Pointed by Virtue's hand, the shafts of Wit;
And Ridicule's strong bolt, whose stunning blow
Lays towering vice and fearless folly low.
Here too the goddess kept, in mystic state,
Those sweet rewards that on her champions wait,
Guerdons more precious than triumphant palms:—
The glance of Gratitude for mental alms,
Peace's soft kiss, and Réconcilement's tear,
And smiles of Sympathy, are treasur'd here. ✓

These precincts pass'd, now hand in hand they
To the rich fabric of majestic frame; [came
Instinct with joy their sovereign to behold,
The gates of massive adamant unfold;

And, as the gently-moving valves unclose,
Mysterious music from their motion flows ;
The airy notes through all the palace room,
And dulcet echoes fill the festive dome :
A gorgeous hall amaz'd Serena's eyes, [size,
Compar'd to which, in splendour, strength, and
The noblest works of which tradition sings,
Judaic shrine, or seat of Memphian kings,
Would seem more humble than the waxen cell
In which the skilful bee is proud to dwell.
Here sits a power, in whose angelic face
Beauty is sweeten'd by maternal grace ;
Her radiant seat, surpassing mortal art,
Supports an emblem of her liberal heart,
A pelican, who rears her callow brood,
And from her vitals seems to draw their food ;
Around this spirit flock a filial host,
Who bless her empire, and her guidance boast.
Here every science, all the arts attend,
In her they hail their parent and their friend ;
Each to her presence brings the happy few,
Whose dearest glory from her favour grew.
Here, in her simple charms with youthful fire,
Proud to display the magic of her lyre,
Soul soothing Harmony presents her band :
Beside her Orpheus and Amphion stand.
Here mild Philosophy, whose thoughtful frown
Is sweetly shaded by her olive crown,
(In all her Attic elegance array'd,
Strong to convince, and gentle to persuade)
To her, whose breath inspir'd his every rule,
Leads the bless'd sire of the Socratic school.
Each animating bard and moral sage,
The heaven-taught minds of every clime and age

Who soften'd manners, and refin'd the soul,
Flock to this presence, as to glory's goal ;
And, as the mother's heart, that yearns to bless
The rival innocents that round her press,
Delights to see them, as her love they share,
Sport in her sight, and flourish by her care ;
Fondly responsive to their every call,
Tender of each, and provident for all ;
So this sweet image of celestial grace,
Who sits encircled by her lovely race,
To every science vital strength imparts,
And rears the circle of the social arts ;
With such solicitude she gives to each,
Pow'rs of sublimer aim and wider reach.
And now Sophrosyne, who near her press'd,
Thus spoke her title to her earthly guest :
' Behold the honour'd form, without whose aid
My strength must vanish, and my glory fade !
Source of my being, and my life's support !
Ennoia call'd in this celestial court,
Benevolence the name she bears on Earth,
The guard of weakness, and the friend of worth.'

She ended ; and the mild maternal form
Embrac'd Serena with a smile as warm
As the gay spirit Vegetation wears,
When she to crown her favourite nymphs prepares,
When, pleas'd her flowery treasures to display,
She pours them in the lap of youthful May.

But how, Serena ! how may human speech
Thy heavenly raptures in this moment reach !
If aught of earthly sentiment may vie
With the pure joy these happy scenes supply,
'Tis when, unmix'd with trouble and with pain,
Love glides in secret through the glowing vein ;

When some fond youth, unconscious of its fire,
Free from chill fear and turbulent desire,
With every thought absorb'd in soft delight,
Sees all creation in his fair one's sight,
And feels a blissful state without a name,
Repose of soul with harmony a frame:
So, plung'd in pleasure of the purest kind,
Serena gaz'd on the maternal mind ;
Gaz'd till Sophrosyne's directing aid
Thus summon'd to new sights th' obedient maid :—
' Haste, my fair charge, for of this ample state,
Tracts yet unseen thy visitation wait.
The pressing hours forbid me to unfold
Each separate province which these confines hold;
But I will lead thee to that blissful crew,
Whose kindred spirits best deserve thy view.'

So speaking, her attentive guest she led
Through scenes, that still increasing wonder bred
Where'er she trod, through all her gorgeous seat,
Soft music echoed from beneath her feet :
Passing a portal, on whose lucid stone
Emblems of innocence and beauty shone,
They reach a lawn with verdant lustre bright,
And view the powers of permanent delight.
No fiery sun here forms a scorching noon,
No baleful meteor gleams, no chilling moon :
But, from a latent source, one soothing light,
Whose constant rays repel the mist of night,
Though tender, cheerful, and though warm, serene,
Gives lasting beauty to the lovely scene.
No sensual thought this paradise profanes ;
For here tried excellence in triumph reigns,
Benignant cares eternal joys supply,
And bliss angelic beams in every eye.

‘ In yonder groups,’ the leading spirit cried,
‘ My fav’rite females see, my fairest pride.
The first in rank is that distinguished train,
Whose strength of soul was tried by Hymen’s
chain :
Though beauty bless’d their form, and love their
guide,
Their nuptial band with happiest omens tied,
Beauty and love, they felt, may lose the art
To fix inconstant man’s eccentric heart ;
Yet, conscious of their lord’s neglected vow,
No virtue frown’d outrageous on their brow
To keep returning tenderness aloof,
By coarse upbraiding, and despis’d reproof:
With sorrow smother’d in attraction’s smile,
They strove the sense of misery to beguile ;
And, from wild passion’s perilous abyss,
Lure the lost wanderer back to faithful bliss.
See mild Octavia o’er this band preside
Voluptuous Antony’s neglected bride,
Whose feeling heart, with all a mother’s care,
Rear’d the young offspring of a rival fair.
Far other trials rais’d yon lovely crew,
Though in connubial scenes their merit grew:
It was their chance, ere judgment was mature,
When glittering toys the infant mind allure,
Following their parents’ avaricious rule,
To wed, with hopes of bliss, a wealthy fool.
When time remov’d delusion’s veil by stealth,
And show’d the drear vacuity of wealth ;
When sad experience prov’d the bitter fate
Of beauty coupled to a senseless mate,
These gentle wives still gloried to submit ;
These, though invited by alluring wit,

Refus'd in paths of lawless joy to range,
Nor murmur'd at the lot they could not change :
But, if a lively sweetness, unoppress'd
By a dull husband's lamentable jest,
Their constant rays of gay good-humour spread
A guardian glory round their idiot's head.
The next in order are those lovely forms,
Whose patience weather'd all paternal storms ;
By filial cares, the mind's unfailing test,
Well have they earn'd these seats of blissful rest :
They, unrepining at severe restraint,
Peevish commands, and undeserv'd complaint ;
Bent with unwearied kindness to appease
Each fancied want of querulous disease ;
Gave up those joys which youthful hearts engage,
To watch the weakness of parental age.

‘ Turn to this cheerful band ; and mark in this,
Spirits who justly claim my realms of bliss !
Most lovely these ! when judg'd by generous
truth,

Though beauty is not their's, nor blooming youth :
For these are they, who, in life's thorny shade,
Repin'd not at the name of ancient maid.
No proud disdain, no narrowness of heart,
Held them from Hymen's tempting rites apart ;
But fair discretion led them to withdraw
From the priz'd honour of his proffer'd law ;
To quit the object of no hasty choice,
In mild submission to a parent's voice ;
The valued lover with a sigh resign,
And sacrifice delight at duty's shrine.
With smiles they bore, from angry Spleen exempt,
Injurious mockery, and coarse contempt :

No baleful arrow in his quiver lies,
No blinding veil enwraps his sparkling eyes,
There all the rays of varied joy unite,
And jointly shed unspeakable delight.
With him was Friendship, like a virgin dress'd,
The soft asbestos form'd her simple vest,
Whose wondrous folds, in fiercest flames entire,
Mock the vain ravage of consuming fire :
Around this robe, a mystic chain she wore,
Each golden link a star of diamonds bore ;
Force could not tear the finish'd work apart,
Nor int'rest loose it by his subtlest art :
But, strange to tell, if the presiding power,
Who to her favourite gave this precious dower,
If kind Sophrosyne could fail to breathe
Her vital virtue on this magic wreath,
The parts must sever, faithless to their trust,
The gold grow dross, and every diamond dust.
These Valour follow'd, deck'd with verdant palm,
Gracefully bold, majestically calm.
A mingled troop succeed, with festive sound,
Wisdom with olive, Wit with feathers crown'd ;
Here, hand in hand they move, no longer foes,
Their charms increasing as their union grows ;
Pure spirits all, who, hating mental strife,
Exalt creation, and embellish life ;
All here attend, and, in their sovereign's praise,
Their circling forms the song of glory raise.

The bless'd Serena drinks, with ravish'd ear,
The melting music of the tuneful sphere.
Now in its close the soothing echoes roll
O'er her rapp'd fancy, and entrance her soul ;
Her senses sink in soft oblivion's bands,
Till faithful Jenny at her pillow stands,

BOOK XII. LARGER POEMS.

Recalls each mental and corporeal power,
While she proclaims aloud the passing hour;
And, in a voice, expressive of surprise,
Too shrill to seem the music of the skies,
Informs the startled fair 'tis time to rise.

BLESS'D be the heart of sympathetic mould,
Whatever form that gentle heart enfold,
Whose generous fibres with fond terror shake,
When keen affliction threatens to o'ertake
Young artless beauty, as alarm'd she strays
Through the strange windings of this mortal maze!
To such, Serena, be thy story known,
Whose bosom best can make thy lot their own,
And, kindly sharing in thy trials pass'd,
Attend with sweet anxiety the last.
The hour approaches, the tremendous hour,
In whose dark moments deeper perils lower;
Still so inwapp'd in pleasure's gay disguise,
They lurk invisible to caution's eyes;
And, unsuspected by the fair one, wait
To cancel or confirm her blissful fate.

Her lively mind with bright ideas stor'd,
She takes her station at the breakfast-board;
Still her soft soul the heavenly vision fills,
And sweeter graces in her smile instils;
New hopes of triumph glide through every nerve,
And arm her glowing heart with firm reserve;
Conscious the final trying chance impends,
To bear its force her every power she bends;
In her quick thought ambitious to presage
How Spleen's dark agents may exert their rage,

She ponders on what perils may befall,
And fondly deems her mind a match for all.
Ah, lovely nymph ! this dangerous pride forego ;
Pride may betray—security's thy foe.

While fancied prudence thus, a foreign guest,
Sits doubly cherish'd in Serena's breast,
Behold a billet her attention steal,
No common arms compose its ample seal ;
'Th' unfolding paper breathes a roseate scent,
Sweet harbinger of joy, its kind intent.
Of courteous Filligree it bears the name,
Clear symptom of the peer's increasing flame !
The gracious earl, lamenting pleasure lost,
And fair Serena in her wishes cross'd,
Has plann'd, in honour of the lovely maid,
A fancied ball, a private masquerade,
And supplicates her sire, with warm esteem,
To smile indulgent on the festive scheme.
All arts he uses to insure the grant,
Nor leaves unask'd the eager maiden aunt.
Quick at the sound Serena's glowing heart
Throbs with gay hopes ; but soon those hopes depart
Reflection, in her soul a faithful guard,
The opening avenues of pleasure barr'd :
She deem'd the plan of this delightful show,
But the new ambush of her secret foe ;
The bliss too bright to realise, she guess'd,
And chas'd the idea from her guarded breast.
While these discreet resolves her thought employ
Tranquil she triumphs o'er her smother'd joy
Not so the knight—to his parental eyes,
In dazzling pomp delusive visions rise :
That coronet, the object of his vow,
He sees suspended o'er his daughter's brow ;

Eager he burns to snap the pendent thread,
And fix the glory on his darling's head.
Far wiser aims the ancient maiden caught,
No empty gew-gaws flutters in her thought;
But while more keenly she applauds the plan,
Her hope is solid and substantial man;
Not for her infant niece, whose baby frame
She holds unfit for Hymen's holy flame;
But for her riper self, whose strength may bear
The heaviest burden of connubial care.

Though different phantoms dance before their
sight,

Niece, aunt, and father, in one wish unite,
To join the banquet is their common choice,
The business pass'd with no dissenting voice;
And the warm sire, in whom ambition burn'd,
A note of grateful courtesy return'd:
His billet seal'd, the glad good-humour'd knight,
Launch'd forth, like Nestor, on his youthful
might:

' Oh could I now, in spite of age, retain
That active vigour, and that sprightly vein,
Which led me once the lively laugh to raise
Among the merrier wits of former days,
When rival beauties would around me throng,
And gay ridottos listen to my song!
Such were I now, as on the festive night,
When Ch—h's charms amaz'd the public sight;
When the kind fair one, in a veil so thin
That the clear gauze was but a lighter skin,
Mask'd like a virgin just prepar'd to die,
Gave her plump beauties to each greedy eye!
On that fam'd night (for then with frolic fire
Youth fill'd my heart, and humour strung my lyre),

Pleas'd in the sunshine of her smile to bask,
 I danc'd around her in a devil's mask ;
 And idly chanted an infernal ode,
 In praise of all this female tempter show'd.
 The jocund crowd, who throng'd with me to gaze
 Extoll'd my unpremeditated lays,
 And Sport who still of this old revel brags,
 *Styl'd her the first of maids, and me of wags.
 Then a light devil, now, reduc'd to limp,
 I am but fit to play the hag-born imp ;
 Still, not to cross the frolic of this ball,
 Still as the tortoise Caliban I'll crawl,
 And if with gout my burning ankles flinch,
 I'll call it Prospero's tormenting pinch ;
 Still in this shape I'll show them what I am :
 And Pen. shall go as Sycorax, my dam.'

So spoke the knight ; and spoke with so much
 weight,

The listening females saw his word was fate ;
 I'or ne'er did Jove with so resolv'd a brow
 To smiling Love his joyous scheme avow,
 When he concerted, for his special mirth,
 A masquerading on the stage of earth,
 And of the swan's soft plume, or bull's rough hair,
 Order'd the fancy-dress he chose to wear.
 From whence let sapient antiquarians show
 The ancient use of masquerades below.
 Serena smil'd to see this joyous fire
 Infuse new youth in her determin'd sire ;
 But mute Penelope, with half a sigh,
 ' With one auspicious and one dropping eye,'

* *Θεὸν Διὶ Νέστορι τ' ἀνδρῶν.*

See Nestor's Speech in the 11th Iliad.

Heard the firm knight his fix'd resolve impart,
Tickling at once and torturing her heart.
The ball she relish'd, but abhorr'd the task
To hide her beauties in a beklam's mask :
Miranda's name would better suit her plan,
A simple maiden, not afraid of man ;
But us'd, alas ! her brother's law to feel,
She knows that law admits not of repeal.
Trusting her charms will any garb enrich,
She deigns to take the habit of a witch.
Never did sorceress in the shades of night
Try to illuminate a filthy sprite
With fonder efforts, or with worse success,
Than Pen. now labour'd, in this wayward dress,
To give the sprightly show of living truth
To the poor ghost of her departed youth.
As witches o'er their magic cauldron bend,
Anxious to see their menial imps ascend ;
So in her glass the ancient maiden pries,
And dreams new graces in her person rise,
No such delights, whose dear delusions please,
The mild Serena in her mirror sees ;
She, at whose toilet beauty's latent queen
Attends, enchanted with her filial mien,
And o'er her favourite's unconscious face
Breathes her own roseate glow and vivid grace.
She hastes her glittering garments to adjust,
With all the modest charms of sweet distrust,
Doubting that beauty, which she doubts alone,
Which dazzles every eye except her own.
The native diffidence which sway'd her mind,
Now feels new terrors with its own combin'd ;
The robes of Ariel to the nymph recall ;
Those disappointments that may yet befall ;

As her fair hands the gauze or tissue touch,
They fondly warn her not to hope too much.
She feels the friendly counsel they impart,
And caution reigns protector of her heart.

The fateful evening comes—the coach attends,
And first the gouty Caliban ascends ;
Then, in deformity's well-suited pride,
Sour Sycorax is station'd by his side ;
And last, with sportive smiles, divinely sweet,
Light Ariel perches on the vacant seat.
Fancy now paints the scene of pleasure near,
Yet fluttering gaiety is check'd by fear.
Her wish to view the festive sight runs high ;
But the fond nymph remembers, with a sigh,
From Hope's keen hand the cup of joy may slip
And fall untasted, though it reach the lip.
As the fine artist, whose nice toils aspire
To fame eternal by encaustic fire ;
If he, with grief, has seen the faithless heat
Mar the rich labour it should make complete,
When next his hands, with trembling care, confide
To the fierce element his pencil's pride,
Watches unceasing the pernicious flame,
Terroure and hope contending in his frame,
While his fair work the dangerous fire sustains,
Feels it in all his sympathetic veins,
And at each trivial sound that chance may cause,
Hears the gem crack, and sees its cruel flaws :
With such solicitude the panting maid
Pass'd the long street, of every noise afraid.
Now, while around her rival flambeaux flare,
And the coach rattles through the crowded square,
She fears some dire mischance must yet befall,
Some demon snatch her from the promis'd ball ;

And dreams no trial more severe than this,
So bright she figures the new scene of bliss;
Yet, horrid as it seems, her heart is bent
To bear e'en this, and bear it with content.

But, whirl'd at length within the porter's
gate,

She thinks what perils at the ball may wait;
And, as she now alights, the fluttering fair,
Invokes her guardian to protect her there,
Till thoughts of danger, thoughts of caution, fly
Before the magic blaze that meets her eye.
Th' advancing nymph, at every step she takes,
Pants with amazement, doubtful if she wakes;
Far as her eyes the glittering scene command,
'Tis all enchantment, all a fairy land;
No vestiges of modern pomp appear,
No modern melody salutes her ear:
With Moorish notes the echoing mansion rings, }
And its transmuted form to fancy brings }
The rich* Alhambra of the Moorish kings.
The peer, who keenly thirsts for fashion's praise,
To gild his revel with no common rays,
Summon'd his modish architect, whose skill
Can all the wishes of caprice fulfil.
His genius, equal to the wildest task,
Gave to the house itself a Gothic mask.
The chaplain, that no guest might feel neglect,
As a magician of the Arab sect,
Wav'd a presiding wand throughout the ball,
And well provided for the wants of all.

The peer himself, his prowess to evince,
Shines in the semblance of a Moorish prince;

* See the views of this palace in Swinburn's Travels.

And round the brilliant mimic hero wait
All pomp and circumstance of Moorish state :
Through all his splendid dome no eye could find
Aught unembellish'd, save the master's mind.
There, though repress'd by courtesy's controul,
Lurks the low mover of the little soul,
Mean vanity ; whose slave can never prove
The heart-refining flame of genuine love.
While her cold joys his abject mind amuse,
His thoughts are busied on connubial views.
His house complete, its decorations plac'd
By the sure hand of fashionable taste,
He only wants, to crown his modish life,
That last and finest moveable—a wife.
She too must prove, to fix his coy desire,
Such as the eye of fashion will admire.
His ball is but a jury, to decide
Upon the merit of his fancied bride,
If sweet Serena on this signal night,
Shines the first idol of the public sight :
If gallantry's fix'd eyes pronounce her fair,
By the sure sign of one unceasing stare ;
And if, prophetic of her nobler doom,
Each rival beauty shudders at her bloom ;
The die is cast—he weds—the point is clear ;
She cannot slight the vows of such a peer.
Thus argued in his mind the festive earl,
And, lest he lightly choose an awkward girl,
Wisely conven'd, on this important case,
Each fashionable judge of female grace.
Here beaux esprits in various figures lurk,
Of Jew and Gentile, Bramin, Tartar, Turk ; . . .
But of the manly masks, a youthful bard
Seem'd most to challenge beauty's soft regard :

Adorn'd with native elegance, he wore,
In simplest form, the minstrel dress of yore :
They call him Edwin, who around him throng,
Edwin, immortalis'd in Beattie's song ;
And, sooth to say, within a comely frame,
He bore a heart that answer'd to the name ;
For this neat habit deck'd a generous youth,
Of gentlest manners, and sincerest truth.
Though on his birth propitious fortune smil'd,
No proud parental folly spoil'd the child ;
And genius more beneficently kind.
Bless'd with superior wealth his manly mind.
Of years, he barely counted twenty-one ;
But, like a brilliant morn, his opening life begun.
Fain would the muse on this her votary dwell,
And fully paint the youth she loves so well ;
His figure's charms, the music of his tongue,
What nymphs his lays allur'd, what lays he sung :
But higher cares her rambling song controul ;
Serena's perils summon all her soul ;
For Spleen, ambitious to exert her force,
Conscious this trial is her last resource,
Most keenly bent on her pernicious task,
Has shifted round the ball from mask to mask,
Watching the moment with infernal care,
To form with deepest art her final snare,
And manacle the mind of the unguarded fair. }

It comes, the moment that must fix her lot,
By her, ah thoughtless maid ! by her forgot :
Though the light hours, e'en in their frolic ring,
Trembling perceive the fearful chance they bring,
And shuddering at the nymph's terrific state,
Seem anxious to suspend her doubtful fate.

Now social ease the place of sport supplied,
The hot oppressive mask was thrown aside,
And beauty shone reveal'd in all her blushing
pride.

Superior still in features as in form,
With admiration flush'd, with pleasure warm,
The gay Serena every eye allur'd;
The hearts her figure won, her face secur'd:
A tender sweetness still the nymph maintain'd,
And modesty o'er all her graces reign'd.
Well might her soul to brilliant hopes incline,
A thousand youths had call'd her charms divine;
A thousand friends had whisper'd in her ear,
That fate had mark'd her for the festive peer.
Her youthful fancy, though by pomp amus'd,
Wish'd not those offers, which her heart refus'd:
That tender heart, by no vain pride possess'd,
With indecisive trembling shook her breast,
Like a young bird, that, fluttering in the air,
Wishes to build her nest, yet knows not where.

The busy earl, his puny love to raise,
Hunted the circling whisper of her praise;
Heard envy own her lovely charms, though loth,
Heard taste attest them with a modish oath;
And, nuptial projects thickening in his mind,
Now his fair partner in the dance rejoin'd.
As now the sprightly music pass'd, my lord
Eager resolv'd to touch a softer chord;
Secure of all repulse he vainly meant
Half to display, half hide his fond intent,
And in dissembled passion's flowery tropes,
To sport at leisure with the virgin's hopes:
For this he fram'd a motley speech, replete
With amorous compliment and vain conceit.

The labour'd nothing with complacent pride
He spoke ; but to his speech no nymph replied :
For in the moment, the lost fair devotes
Her willing ear to more attractive notes.
The minstrel happen'd near the nymph to walk,
Rapp'd with a bosom-friend in secret talk,
And, at the instant when the earl began
Half to unfold his matrimonial plan,
Edwin, in whispers, from the crowd retir'd,
Chanc'd to repeat the sonnet she inspir'd :
The sounds, though faint, her recollection caught,
Drew her quick eye, and fix'd her wondering
thought.

Lost in this sweet surprise, she could not hear
A single accent of the amorous peer ;
Spleen saw the moment that she sought to gain,
And perch'd triumphant on the noble's brain.
With jealous envy stung, and baffled pride,
' Contemptuous girl !' with sudden rage, he cried,
' If here to happier youths thy views incline,
I want not fairer nymphs who challenge mine.
Thy breast in vain with penitence may burn ;
But, once neglected, I no more return.'
Thus loudly speaking, with distemper'd heat,
Rudely he turn'd, with rancorous scorn replete.
Serena, startled at th' injurious sound,
Survey'd th' insulting peer, who sternly frown'd ;
Shame and resentment through her bosom rush,
Swell every vein, and raise the burning blush.
Love, new-born love, but in its birth conceal'd,
Nor to the nymph herself as yet reveal'd,
And just disdain, and anger's honest flame,
With complicated power convulse her frame :

Contending passions every thought confound,
And in tumultuous doubt her soul is drown'd.
Now treacherous pride, who tempts her tongue to
trip,

Forms to a keen reply her quivering lip :
Insidious Spleen now hovers o'er the fair,
Deems her half-lock'd within her hateful snare ;
In her new slave preparing to rejoice,
To taint her spirit, and untune her voice.
Hapless Serena ; what can save thee now ?
The fiend's dark signet stamps thy clouded brow,
In thy swoln eye I see the starting drop ;
This fatal shower, ethereal guardian ! stop :
Haste to thy votary, haste, her soul sustain,
Nor let the trials she has pass'd be vain.
Ah me ! while yet I speak, with shuddering dread
I hear the magic girdle's bursting thread.
This horrid omen, ye kind powers ! avert :
Nor thou, bright zone ! thy brighter charge desert.
Ah, fruitless prayer ! her panting breast behold !
See ! the gauze shakes in many a ruffled fold !
Forc'd from their station by her heaving heart,
From the strain'd girdle thrice three spangles start :
Through her disorder'd dress a pass they've found
And fallen, see, they glitter on the ground !—
(O blessed chance ! with life-recalling light
The glittering monitors attract her sight !
Like stars emerging from the darken'd pole,
They sparkle safety to her harass'd soul.
See ! from her brow the clouds of trouble fly,
Vexation's tear is vanish'd from her eye !
Her rosy cheeks with joy's soft radiance burn,
Like nature smiling at the Sun's return ;

The nymph, no more with mental darkness blind,
Shines the sweet ruler of her rescu'd mind.
Hence, hateful Spleen! thy fancied prize resign,
Renounce for ever what shall ne'er be thine;
For, conscious of her airy guardian's aid,
She feels new spirit through her heart convey'd,
And, inly blessing this victorious hour,
Her soul exults in its recover'd power.
In such mild terms she hails th' insulting peer,
As Spleen, if mortal, must expire to hear;
But driven for ever from the lovely girl,
The foul fiend riots in the captive earl.
He answers not; but with a sullen air.
On happier Edwin, who approach'd the fair,
Darts such a glance of rage and envious hate,
As Satan cast on Eden's blissful state,
When on our parents first he fix'd his sight,
And undelighted gaz'd on all delight:
So doom'd to look, and doom'd such pangs to feel,
Scornful he turn'd on his elastic heel.

‘ Oh, lovely mildness! oh, angelic maid!
Deserving homage, though to scorn betray'd;
Rise still, sweet spirit, rise these wrongs above,
Turn from injurious pride to faithful love;
Though on my brow no coronet may shine,
Wealth I can offer at thy beauty's shrine,
And, worthier thee, a heart that worships thine.’
Thus, with new-kindled love's aspiring flame,
Spoke the fond youth conceal'd by Edwin's
name,
The gallant Falkland, rich in inborn worth,
By fortune bless'd, and not of abject birth.

Warmly he spoke, with that indignant heat
With which the generous heart ne'er fails to beat,
When worth insulted wakens virtuous ire,
And injur'd beauty sets the soul on fire.
Quick to his voice the startled virgin turn'd,
With wonder, hope, and joy, her bosom burn'd ;
With sweet confusion, flurried and amaz'd.
On his attractive form she wildly gaz'd,
Full on her thought the friendly visions rush'd ;
Blushing she view'd him, view'd him still and
blush'd ;

And, soft affection quickening at the sight,
Perchance had swoon'd with fulness of delight,
But that her father's voice, with quick controul,
Recall'd the functions of her fainting soul.
When on the distant seat, where, fondly fix'd,
He view'd the nymph as in the dance she mix'd,
He indistinctly heard, with wounded ear,
The spleenful outrage of the angry peer
Swift at th' imperfect sound, with choler wild,
He sprung to succour his insulted child ;
But ere his fury into language broke,
Love calm'd the storm that arrogance awoke.
The sudden burst of Falkland's tender flame,
His winning manners, his distinguish'd name,
His liberal soul, by fortune's smile caress'd,
All join to harmonize the father's breast.
His fiery thoughts subside in glad surprise,
And to the generous youth he warmly cries :
' Ingenuous Falkland ! by thy frankness won,
My willing heart would own thee as my son ;
But on thy hopes Serena must decide :—
Haste we together from this house of pride.'

So spoke the sire ; for, to her votary kind,
Sophrosyne inspir'd his soften'd mind.
Speaking, he smil'd, to see that on his word
The lover hung, and bless'd the sounds he heard ;
That his embarrass'd child his sentence caught
With each tumultuous sign of tender thought ;
Whose blushes, springing from the heart, declare
The dawn of fondness in the modest fair.
Th' enchanted youth with ecstasy convey'd
Forth from the troubled feast the trembling
maid.

As the keen sailor, whom his daring soul
Has drawn, too vent'rous, near the freezing pole ;
Who, having slighted caution's tame advice,
Seems wedg'd within impervious worlds of ice ;
If, from each chilling form of peril free,
At length he reach the unencumber'd sea,
With joy superior to his transient pain,
Rushes, exulting o'er th' expansive main :
Such strong delight Serena's bosom shar'd,
When sweet reflection to her heart declar'd
That all the trials of her fate were past,
And love's decisive plaudit seal'd the last.
Her airy guard prepares the softest down,
From peace's wing to line the nuptial crown :
Her smiles accelerate the bridal morn,
And clear her votary's path from every thorn.
On the quick match the prude's keen censures fall,
Blind to the heavenly power who guided all :
But mild Serena scorn'd the prudish play,
To wound warm love with frivolous delay ;
Nature's chaste child, not affectation's slave,
The heart she meant to give, she frankly gave.

Through her glad sire no gouty humours run,
Jocund he glories in his destin'd son ;
Penelope herself, no longer seen
In the sour semblance of tormenting Spleen,
Buys for her niece the robes of nuptial state,
Nor scolds the mercer once through all the long
debate.

For quick dispatch, the honest man of law
Toils half the night the legal ties to draw ;
At length th' enraptur'd youth, all forms complete,
Bears his sweet bride to his paternal seat ;
On a fair lawn the cheerful mansion stood,
And high behind it rose a circling wood.
As the bless'd lord of this extensive reign
Led his dear partner through her new domain
With fond surprise, Serena soon descried
A temple rais'd to her ethereal guide.
Its ornaments she view'd with tender awe,
Their fashion such as she in vision saw ;
For the kind youth, her grateful smile to gain,
Had, from her clear description, deck'd the fane ;
Joyful he cried to his angelic wife,
' Be this kind power the worship of our life !'
He spoke ; and led her to the inmost shrine ;
Here, link'd in rosy bands, two votaries shine ;
The pencil had imparted life to each,
With energy that seem'd beyond its reach.
First stood Connubial Love, a manly youth,
Whose bright eye spoke the ardent vows of truth ;
Friendship, sweet smiling, fill'd the second place,
In all the softer charms of virgin grace.
Their meeting arms a mystic tablet raise,
Deck'd with these lines, the moral of my lays :—

‘ Virtue’s an ingot of Peruvian gold,
Sense the bright ore Potosi’s mines unfold ;
But Temper’s image must their use create,
And give these precious metals sterling weight.’

Hayley.

